SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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JAMES SHIRLEY.

BORN 1594.—DIED 1666.

JAMES SHIRLEY was born in London. He was educated at Cambridge[1], where he took the degree of A. M. and had a curacy for some time at or near St. Alban's, but embracing popery, became a schoolmaster in that town. Leaving this employment, he settled in London as a dramatic writer, and between the years 1629 and 1666, published thirty-nine plays. In the civil wars he followed his patron, the Earl of Newcastle, to the field, but on the decline of the royal cause returned to London, and, as the theatres were now shut, kept a school in White Friars, where he educated many eminent characters. At the re-opening of the theatres he must have been too old to have renewed his dramatic labours; and what benefit the Restoration brought him as a royalist, we are not informed. Both he and his wife died on the same day, immediately after the great fire of London, by which they had been driven

[1] He had studied also at Oxford, where Wood says that Laud objected to his taking orders, on account of a mole on his left cheek, which greatly disfigured him. This fastidiousness about personal beauty is certainly beyond the Levitical law.

out of their house, and probably owed their deaths to their losses and terror on that occasion.

FROM THE PLAY OF THE CARDINAL.

Persons.—*The Duchess Rosaura and her ladies Valeria and Celindra.*

Valeria. SWEET madam, be less thoughtful; this obedience
To passion will destroy the noblest frame
Of beauty that this kingdom ever boasted.
Celindra. This sadness might become your other habit,
And ceremonious black for him that died.
The times of sorrow are expir'd, and all
The joys that wait upon the court—your birth,
And a new Hymen that is coming towards you,
Invite a change.
Duch. Ladies, I thank you both.
I pray excuse a little melancholy
That is behind. My year of mourning hath not
So clear'd my account with sorrow, but there may
Some dark thoughts stay with sad reflections
Upon my heart, for him I lost. Even this
New dress and smiling garment, meant to shew
A peace concluded 'twixt my grief and me,
Is but a sad remembrance: but I resolve
To entertain more pleasing thoughts, and if
You wish me heartily to smile, you must

Not mention grief: not in advice to leave it.
Such counsels open but afresh the wounds
You would close up, and keep alive the cause
Whose bleeding you would cure; let's talk of something
That may delight. You two are read in all
The histories of our court; tell me, Valeria,
Who has thy vote for the most handsome man.
Thus I must counterfeit a peace, when all *(Aside.)*
Within me is at mutiny.

Val. I have examin'd
All that are candidates for praise of ladies,
But find—may I speak boldly to your grace,
And will you not return it, in your mirth,
To make me blush?

Duch. No, no; speak freely.

Val. I will not rack your patience, madam, but
Were I a princess, I should think Count D'Alvarez
Had sweetness to deserve me from the world.

Duch. Alvarez! she's a spy upon my heart. *(Aside.)*
I have seen a face more tempting.

Val. It had then
Too much of woman in't; his eyes speak movingly,
Which may excuse his voice, and lead away
All female pride his captive. His black hair,
Which naturally falling into curls——

Duch. Prithee no more, thou art in lôve with him.
The man in your esteem, Celindra, now.

Cel. Alvarez is, I must confess, a gentleman
Of handsome composition, but with

His mind (the greater excellence) I think
Another may delight a lady more,
If man be well consider'd, that's Columbo,
Now, madam, voted to be yours.

Duch. My torment! *(Aside.)*

Val. She affects him not.

Cel. He has a person and a bravery beyond
All men that I observe.

Val. He is a soldier,
A rough-hewn man, and may shew well at distance;
His talk will fright a lady: war and grim-
Fac'd honour are his mistresses—he raves
To hear a lute—love meant him not his priest.
Again your pardon, madam: we may talk,
But you have art to choose and crown affection.

[*Exeunt.*

Duch. What is it to be born above these ladies,
And want their freedom? They are not constrain'd,
Nor slav'd by their own greatness, or the king's,
But let their free hearts look abroad and chuse
By their own eyes to love. I must repair
My poor afflicted bosom, and assume
The privilege I was born with, which now prompts
me
To tell the king he hath no power or art
To steer a lover's soul.

THE DUCHESS'S CONFERENCE WITH ALVAREZ.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter SECRETARY.

Sec. THE Count D'Alvarez, madam.
Duch. Admit him,
And let none interrupt us. How shall I
Behave my looks? the guilt of my neglect,
Which had no seal from hence, will call up blood
To write upon my cheeks the shame and story
In some red letter.

Enter D'ALVAREZ.

D'Alv. Madam, I present
One that was glad to obey your grace, and come
To know what your commands are.
Duch. Where I once
Did promise love, a love that had the power
And office of a priest, to chain my heart
To yours, it were injustice to command.
D'Alv. But I can look upon you, madam, as
Becomes a servant, with as much humility,
In tenderness of your honour and great fortune,
Give up, when you call back your bounty, all that
Was mine, as I had pride to think them favours.
Duch. Hath love taught thee no more assurance in
Our mutual vows, thou canst suspect it possible
I should revoke a promise made to heaven

And thee, so soon? This must arise from some
Distrust of thy own faith.
D'Alv. Your grace's pardon:
To speak with freedom, I am not so old
In cunning to betray, nor young in time
Not to see where and when I am at loss,
And how to bear my fortune and my wounds;
Which, if I look for health, must still bleed inward,
A hard and desperate condition.
I am not ignorant your birth and greatness
Have plac'd you to grow up with the king's grace
And jealousy, which to remove his power
Hath chosen a fit object for your beauty
To shine upon—Columbo, his great favourite.
I am a man on whom but late the king
Has pleas'd to cast a beam, which was not meant
To make me proud, but wisely to direct
And light me to my safety. Oh, dear madam,
I will not call more witness of my love,
If you will let me still give it that name,
Than this, that I dare make myself a loser,
And to your will give all my blessings up.
Preserve your greatness, and forget a trifle,
That shall at best, when you have drawn me up,
But hang about you like a cloud, and dim
The glories you are born to.
Duch. Misery
Of birth and state! that I could shift into
A meaner blood, or find some art to purge
That part which makes my veins unequal. Yet

Those nice distinctions have no place in us;
There's but a shadow difference, a title;
Thy stock partakes as much of noble sap
As that which feeds the root of kings; and he
That writes a lord, hath all the essence of
Nobility.

D'Alv. 'Tis not a name that makes
Our separation—the king's displeasure
Hangs a portent to fright us, and the matter
That feeds this exhalation is the cardinal's
Plot to advance his nephew; then Columbo,
A man made up for some prodigious act,
Is fit to be considered: in all three
There is no character you fix upon
But has a form of ruin to us both.

Duch. Then you do look on them with fear?

D'Alv. With eyes
That should think tears a duty to lament
Your least unkind fate; but my youth dares boldly
Meet all the tyranny of the stars, whose black
Malevolence but shoot my single tragedy;
You are above the value of many worlds
Peopled with such as I am.

Duch. What if Columbo,
Engaged in war, in his hot thirst of honour,
Find out the way to death?

D'Alv. 'Tis possible.

Duch. Or say, no matter by what art or motive,
He gives his title up, and leave me to
My own election.

D'Alv. If I then be happy
To have a name within your thought, there can
Be nothing left to crown me with new blessing.
But I dream thus of heav'n, and wake to find
My am'rous soul a mockery, when the priest
Shall tie you to another, and the joys
Of marriage leave no thought at leisure to
Look back upon Alvarez, that must wither
For loss of you: yet then I cannot lose
So much of what I was once in your favour,
But in a sigh pray still you may live happy.
Duch. My heart is in a mist; some good star smile
Upon my resolution, and direct
Two lovers in their chaste embrace to meet.
Columbo's bed contains my winding-sheet.

FROM THE SAME.

Conference of the Duchess and the Cardinal, after the Duchess has sent a letter to Columbo, praying him to renounce her, and has received an answer from the camp, complying with the request.

Cardinal. MADAM.
Duchess. My lord.
Card. The king speaks of a letter that has brought
A riddle in't——
Duch. 'Tis easy to interpret.
Card. From my nephew. May I deserve the favour?

Duch. He looks as though his eyes would fire the
paper;
They are a pair of burning glasses, and
His envious blood doth give them flame.
Card. What lethargy could thus unspirit him?
I am all wonder. Do not believe, madam,
But that Columbo's love is yet more sacred
To honour and yourself, than thus to forfeit
What I have heard him call the glorious wreath
To all his merits, given him by the king,
From whom he took you with more pride than ever
He came from victory; his kisses hang
Yet panting on your lips, and he but now
Exchang'd religious farewell, to return
But with more triumph to be yours.
Duch. My lord,
You do believe your nephew's hand was not
Surpris'd or strain'd to this?
Card. Strange arts and windings in the world—
most dark
And subtle progresses. Who brought this letter?
Duch. I enquir'd not his name. I thought it not
Considerable to take such narrow notice.
Card. Desert and honour urg'd it here, nor can
I blame you to be angry; yet his person
Oblig'd you should have giv'n a nobler pause
Before you made your faith and change so violent,
From his known worth, into the arms of one,
However fashion'd to your amorous wish,
Not equal to his cheapest fame, with all
The gloss of blood and merit.

Duch. This comparison,
My good lord cardinal, I cannot think
Flows from an even justice, it betrays
You partial where your blood runs.
Card. I fear, madam,
Your own takes too much license, and will soon
Fall to the censure of unruly tongues.
Because Alvarez has a softer cheek,
Can, like a woman, trim his wanton hair,
Spend half a day with looking in the glass
To find a posture to present himself,
And bring more effeminacy than man
Or honour, to your bed—must he supplant him?
Take heed, the common murmur, when it catches
The scent of a lost fame,——
Duch. My fame, lord cardinal!
It stands upon an innocence as clear
As the devotions you pay to heav'n.
I shall not urge, my lord, your soft indulgence
At my next shrift.
Card. You are a fine court lady.
Duch. And you should be a reverend churchman.
Card. One that, if you have not thrown off modesty,
Would counsel you to leave Alvarez.
Duch. 'Cause you dare do worse
Than marriage, must not I be admitted what
The church and law allows me?
Card. Insolent! then you dare marry him?
Duch. Dare! let your contracted flame and malice, with

Columbo's rage higher than that, meet us
When we approach the holy place, clasp'd hand
In hand,—we'll break through all your force, and fix
Our sacred vows together there.

Card. I knew
When with as chaste a brow you promis'd fair
To another—You are no dissembling lady.

Duch. Would all your actions had no falser lights
About 'em——

Card. Ha!

Duch. The people would not talk and curse so loud.

Card. I'll have you chid into a blush for this.

Duch. Begin at home, great man, there's cause enough.
You turn the wrong end of the perspective
Upon your crimes to drive them to a far
And lesser sight; but let your eyes look right,
What giants would your pride and surfeit seem,
How gross your avarice, eating up whole families.
How vast are your corruptions and abuse
Of a king's ear, at which you hang a pendant,
Not to adorn but ulcerate; whilst the honest
Nobility, like pictures in the arras,
Serve only for court-ornament: if they speak,
'Tis when you set their tongues, which you wind up
Like clocks to strike at the just hour you please.
Leave, leave, my lord, these usurpations,
And be what you were meant, a man to cure
Not let in agues to religion.
Look on the church's wounds--

Card. You dare presume,
In your rude spleen to me, to abuse the church?
Duch. Alas! you give false aim, my lord, 'tis your
Ambition and scarlet sins that rob
Her altar of the glory, and leave wounds
Upon her brow which fetches grief and paleness
Into her cheeks; making her troubled bosom
Pant with her groans, and shroud her holy blushes
Within your reverend purples.
Card. Will you now take breath?
Duch. In hope, my lord, you will behold yourself
In a true glass, and see those unjust acts
That so deform you, and by timely cure
Prevent a shame before the short-hair'd men
Do crowd and call for justice, I take leave. [*Exit.*
Card. This woman has a spirit that may rise
To tame the devil's,—there's no dealing with
Her angry tongue,—'tis action and revenge
Must calm her fury. Were Columbo here
I could resolve,—but letters shall be sent
To th' army, which may wake him into sense
Of his rash folly, or direct his spirit
Some way to snatch his honour from this flame;
All great men know "*the soul of life is fame.*"

FROM THE ROYAL MASTER.

The Duke of Florence being engaged to marry the sister of the King of Naples, is treacherously led to distrust her character, and on shewing symptoms of his disregard is thus called to account by the King.

King. There's another
Whom though you can forget. My sister, sir,
Deserves to be remember'd.
Duke. You are jealous
That I visit this lady.
King. That were only
To doubt. I must be plain; Florence has not
Been kind to Naples to reward us with
Affront for love; and Theodosia must not
Be any prince's mockery.
Duke. I can
Take boldness too, and tell you, sir, it were
More for her honour she would mock no prince.
I am not lost to Florence yet, though I
Be Naples' guest; and I must tell him here,
I came to meet with fair and princely treaties
Of love, not to be made the tale of Italy,
The ground of scurril pasquils, or the mirth
Of any lady who shall pre-engage
Her heart to another's bosom, and then sneak
Off like a tame despised property
When her ends are advanc'd.
King. I understand not
This passion, yet it points at something
That may be dangerous; to conclude, Theodosia

Is Naples' sister, and I must not see
Her lost to honour, though my kingdom bleed
To rescue her.

Duke. Now you are passionate.
This must be repair'd, my name is wounded,
And my affection betray'd: your sister,
That looks like a fair star within love's sky,
Is fall'n, and by the scattering of her fires
Declares she has alliance with the earth,
Not heavenly nature.

King. Are my senses perfect?
Be clearer, sir; teach me to understand
This prodigy. You do not scorn our sister?

Duke. Not I; as she has title to your blood,
She merits all ambition; she's a princess,
Yet no stain to her invention, we are parallels,
Equal, but never made to meet.

King. How's this?

Duke. Truth is my witness, I did mean
No ceremonious love until I found
Her heart was given from me, though your power
Contract our bodies.

King. Stay, and be advised;
And if your doubts, by some malicious tongue
Framed to abuse my sister and yourself,
Have rais'd this mutiny in your thoughts, I have
A power to cure all.

Duke. Sir, you cannot.

King. Not to court thee for her husband, wert possess'd
Of all o'er which our eagle shakes his wings,

But to set right her honour; and ere I challenge
Thee by thy birth, by all thy hopes and right
To fame to tell me what malicious breath
Has poison'd her, hear what my sister sends
By me so late, Time is not old in minutes,
The words yet warm with her own breath—Pray tell
The Duke, she says, although I know not from
What root his discontents grow to devote him
To Domitilla——

Duke. How does she know that?

King. Whose beauty has more spell upon his fancy;
I did contract my heart when I thought his
Had been no stranger to his tongue, and can
Not find within it since what should divert
His princely thoughts from my first innocence,
Yet such is my stern fate I must still love him.
And though he frame his heart to unkind distance,
It hath embracing virtue upon mine,
And with his own remove draws my soul after him.
If he forget I am a princess, pray
Let Naples do so too, for my revenge
Shall be in pray'rs, that he may find my wrong,
And teach him soft repentance and more faith.

Duke. All this must not betray my freedom, sir.

King. You'll not accuse our sister of dishonour?

Duke. I would not grieve you, sir, to hear what I
Could say; and press me not for your own peace;
Fames must be gently touch'd.

King. As thou art Florence, speak.

Duke. I shall displease,
Yet I but tell her brother that doth press me;
Lucrece was chaste after the rape, but where
The blood consents there needs no ravisher.

King. I do grow faint with wonder. Here's enough
To blast an apprehension, and shoot
A quaking through the valiant soul of man.
My sister's blood accus'd, and her fair name,
Late chaste as trembling snow, whose fleeces clothe
Our Alpine hills—sweet as the rose's spirit,
Or violet's cheek, on which the morning leaves
A tear at parting,—now begins to wither
As it would haste to death and be forgotten.
This Florence is a prince that does accuse her,
And such men give not faith to every murmur
Or slight intelligence that wounds a lady
In her dear honour. But she is my sister;
Think of that too, credit not all, but ask
Of thy own veins what guilty flowings there
May tempt thee to believe this accusation.

FROM THE COMEDY OF THE GRATEFUL SERVANT.

Persons.—*The Duke of Savoy, and Foscari.*

Enter FOSCARI *disguised, and kisses the* DUKE'S *hand.*

Foscari. You are a gracious prince, and this high favour
Deserves my person and my sword, when you

Vouchsafe so much addition to this honour,
To call them to your service.

Duke. You are noble.

Fosc. It is not compliment, my lord, alone,
Made me thus bold; I have a private message.
Please you command their distance.

Duke. Wait without.

Fosc. Have you forgot this face?

Duke. Foscari's shadow.

Fosc. The substance, sir, and once more at your feet.

Duke. Return'd to life! rise, meet our arms. Why in
This cloud?

Fosc. Your pardon, royal sir; it will
Concern your highness to permit me walk
In some eclipse.

Duke. How?

Fosc. Be pleas'd to grant
A little freedom to my speech, I shall
Demonstrate the necessity of this
Action. I said I had a message—
I come from Cleona.

Duke. From Cleona?

Fosc. From her, indeed; and in her name I must
Propound a question, to which she prays
You would be just and noble in your answer.

Duke. Without disputing your commission,
Upon mine honour.

Fosc. Princes cannot stain it:
D'ye love her?
Duke. Do I love her? strange!
Fosc. Nay, she would have you pause, and think well ere
You give her resolution; for she bade me tell you,
She has been much afflicted, since you left her,
About your love.
Duke. About my love? I pray thee
Be more particular.
Fosc. I shall. So soon
As you were gone, being alone, and full
Of melancholy thoughts,——
Duke. I left her so.
Fosc. Willing to ease her head upon her couch,
Through silence and some friendship of the dark,
She fell asleep, and, in a short dream, thought
Some spirit told her softly in her ear,
You did but mock her with a smooth pretence
Of love.
Duke. Ha!
Fosc. More: that you were fall'n from your honour,
Have taken impious flames into your bosom;
That y'are a bird of prey, and while she hath
No household Lar to wait upon her threshold,
You would fly in and seize upon her honour.
Duke. I hope she hath no faith in dreams.

Fosc. And yet
Divinity hath oftentimes descended
Upon our slumbers, and the blessed troops
Have, in the calm and quiet of the soul,
Convers'd with us, taught men and women happy
Ways to prevent a tyrant's rage and lust.
Duke. But this was some false, malicious spirit,
That would insinuate with her white soul:
There's danger if she cherish the infusion.
Fosc. She cannot tell. She hath some fears, my
lord.
Great men have left examples of their vice,
And yet no jealousy of you, but what
A miracle doth urge, if this be one.
If you but once more say you love Cleona,
And speak it unto me and to the angels,
Which in her prayers she hath invok'd to hear you,
She will be confident, and tell her dream
She cannot be illuded.
Duke. Though I need not
Give an account to any but to heaven
And her fair self, Foscari, thou shalt tell her,
I love her with chaste and noble fire; my intents are
Fair as her brow: tell her, I dare proclaim it
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar. I do love her.
Fosc. Enough—enough: my lord, be pleas'd to
hear
What I have now to say. You have express'd

A brave and noble soul, but I must not
Carry this message to her; therefore take
Your own words back again. I love Cleona
With chaste and noble fire; my intents are
Fair as her brow: I dare proclaim it, sir,
In my devotions, at that minute when
I know a million of adoring spirits
Hover about the altar.

Duke. Do you mock me?

Fosc. Pardon a truth, my lord: I have apparell'd
My own sense with your language.

Duke. Do you come
To affront us? you had better ha' been sleeping
In your cold urn, as fame late gave you out,
And mingled with the rude forgotten ashes,
Than live to move our anger.

Fosc. Spare your frowns.
This earth weighs not my spirit down; a fear
Would dye the paleness of my father's dust
Into a blush. Sir, many are alive
Will swear I did not tremble at a cannon,
When it struck thunder in mine ear, and wrapt
My head in her blue mists. It is not breath
Can fright a noble truth, nor is there magic
I' the person of a king that plays the tyrant,
But a good sword can easily uncharm it.

Duke. You threaten us.

Fosc. Heaven avert so black a thought!
Though in my honour's cause I can be flame,
My blood is frost to treason: make me not

Belie my heart, for I do love Cleona,
And, my blood tells me, above all
You can affect her with: no birth or state
Can challenge a prerogative in love.
Nay, be not partial, and you shall ascribe
To *mine* love's victory, for though I admit
You value her above your dukedom—health;
That you would sacrifice your blood to avert
Any mishap should threaten that dear head,
All this is but above yourself; but I
Love her above herself. And while you can
But give your life and all you have, to do
Cleona service, I can give away
Herself—Cleona's self, in my love to her.
I see you are at loss—I'll reconcile
All—she is yours; this minute ends my claim.
Live and enjoy her happily; may you be
Famous in that beauteous empire, she
Blest in so great a lord!

Claudiana, on receiving a proposition from her husband Cornari, which she supposes to arise from his suspicion of her infidelity.

Claudiana. Let me fall
Beneath that which sustains me, ere I take
In a belief that will destroy my peace;
Not in the apprehension of what
You frame t' accuse yourself, but in fear
My honour is betray'd to your suspicion.
Cornari. Rise! with thy tears I kiss

Away thy tremblings. I suspect thy honour?
My heart will want faith to believe an angel,
That should traduce thy fair name; thou art chaste
As the white down of heaven, whose feathers play
Upon the wings of a cold winter's gale,
Trembling with fear to touch th' impurer earth.
How are the roses frighted in thy cheeks
To paleness, weeping out transparent dew,
When a loose story is but nam'd? thou art
The miracle of a chaste wife, from which fair
Original, drawn out by heav'n's own hand,
To have had one copy I had writ perfection.

FROM THE DOUBTFUL HEIR.

Persons.—*Ferdinand in prison for asserting his right to the kingdom of Murcia, Rosania, his mistress, attired like a page.*

Rosania. PRAY do not grieve for me. I have a heart
That can for your sake suffer more; and when
The tyranny of your fate calls me to die,
I can as willingly resign my breath
As go to sleep.

Ferdinand. Can I hear this
Without a fresh wound, that thy love to me
Should be so ill rewarded? thou hast engaged
Thyself too much already; 'tis within
Thy will yet to be safe,—reveal thyself,
Throw off the cloud that doth eclipse that brightness,

And they will court thy person, and be proud
With all becoming honour to receive thee;
No fear shall rob thy cheek of her chaste blood.
Oh, leave me to my own stars, and expect,
Whate'er become of wretched Ferdinand,
A happy fate.

Ros. Your counsel is unkind;
This language would become your charity
To a stranger, but my interest is more
In thee, than thus with words to be sent off.
Our vows have made us one, nor can the names
Of father, country, or what can be dear
In nature, bribe one thought to wish myself
In heaven without thy company: it were poor, then,
To leave thee here. Then, by thy faith I charge thee;
By this, the first and last seal of our love; [*Kisses him.*
By all our promises, when we did flatter
Ourselves, and in our fancy took the world
A pieces, and collected what did like
Us best, to make us a new Paradise;
By that, the noblest ornament of thy soul,
Thy honour, I conjure thee, let me still
Be undiscovered. What will it avail
To leave me, whom thou lovest, and walk alone,
Sad pilgrim, to another world? We will
Converse in soul, and shoot like stars whose beams
Are twisted, and make bright the sullen groves
Of lovers, as we pass.

Fer. These are but dreams

Of happiness: be wise, Rosania,
Thy love is not a friend to make thee miserable;
Society in death, where we affect,
But multiplies our grief. Live thou, oh live!
And if thou hast a tear, when I am dead,
But drop it to my memory, it shall
More precious than embalming dwell upon me,
And keep my ashes pure; my spirit shall
At the same instant, in some innocent shape,
Descend upon that earth thou hast bedew'd,
And, kissing the bright tribute of thine eye,
Shall after wait like thy good angel on thee.
There will be none to speak of Ferdinand
Without disdain if thou diest too. Oh, live
A little to defend me, or at least
To say I was no traitor to thy love;
And lay the shame on death and my false stars,
That would not let me live to be a king.

Ros. O Ferdinand!
Thou dost not love me now?

Fer. Not love, Rosania?
If wooing thee to live will not assure thee,
Command me then to die, and spare the cruelty
Of the fair queen. Not love, Rosania?
If thou wilt but delight to see me bleed,
I will at such a narrow passage let
Out life, it shall be many hours in ebbing;
And my soul, bathing in the crimson stream,
Take pleasure to be drown'd. I have small time
To love and be alive, but I will carry

So true a faith to woman hence as shall
Make poor the world, when I am gone to tell
The story yonder.—We are interrupted.

Enter KEEPER.

Keeper. You must prepare yourself for present trial;
I have command t' attend you to the judges.
That gentleman, and all that did adhere
To your conspiracy, are by the queen's
Most gracious mercy pardon'd.

Fer. In that word
Thou hast brought me more than life. I shall betray,
And with my too much joy undo thee again.
Heaven does command thee live, I must obey
This summons. I shall see thee again, Tiberio,[1]
Before I die.

Ros. I'll wait upon you, sir;
The queen will not deny me that poor office.
I know not how to leave you.

Fer. Death and I
Shall meet and be made friends; but when we part
The world shall find thy story in my heart.

[1] The assumed name of the page.

FERDINAND'S TRIAL.

Persons, besides the *Prisoner* at the bar and his *Page*, are *Olivia, the supposed Queen of Murcia; Officers; Ernesto, Rodriquez, Leandro, and Leonario; Noblemen, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Guard.*

Queen. Is that the prisoner at the bar?
Leon. He that pretended himself Ferdinand,
Your uncle's son.
Queen. Proceed to his arraignment. My lord Leandro,
You know our pleasure.
Leandro. Although the queen in her own royal power,
And without violating sacred justice, where
Treason comes to invade her and her crown
With open war, need not insist upon
The forms and circumstance of law, but use
Her sword in present execution,
Yet such is the sweet temper of her blood
And calmness of her nature, though provok'd
Into a storm, unto the greatest offender
She shuts up no defence, willing to give
A satisfaction to the world how much
She doth delight in mercy. Ferdinand,
For so thou dost pretend thyself, thou art
Indicted of high treason to her majesty,
In that thou hast usurp'd relation to
Her blood, and, under name of being her kinsman,
Not only hast contrived to blast her honour
With neighbouring princes, but has gather'd arms

To wound the precious bosom of her country,
And tear the crown, which heav'n and just succession
Hath plac'd upon her royal head. What canst
Thou answer to this treason?
Fer. Boldly thus:
As I was never, with the height of all
My expectations and the aid of friends,
Transported one degree above myself,
So must not Ferdinand, though his stars have frown'd,
And the great eye of Providence seem to slumber
While your force thus compelled and brought me hither,
With mockery of my fate, to be arraign'd
For being a prince, have any thought beneath
The title I was born to. Yet I'll not call
This cruelty in you, nor in the queen,
(If I may name her so without injustice
To my own right); a kingdom is a garland
Worth all contention, and where right seals not
The true possession nature is forgotten,
And blood thought cheap to assure it. There is something
Within that excellent figure that restrains
A passion here, that else would forth like lightning:
'Tis not your shape, which yet hath so much sweetness;
Some pale religious hermit might suspect
You are the blessed saint he pray'd to: no,

The magic 's in our nature and our blood,
For both our veins, full of one precious purple,
Strike harmony in their motion ; I am Ferdinand,
And you the fair Olivia, brother's children.
Leon. What insolence is this?
Queen. Oh, my lord, let him
Be free to plead ; for, if it be no dream,
His cause will want an orator. By my blood
He does talk bravely.
Rodriq. These are flourishes.
Ern. Speak to the treason you are charged with,
And confess a guilt.
Leon. He justifies himself.
Fer. If it be treason to be born a prince,
To have my father's royal blood move here ;
If it be treason in my infancy
To have escap'd by Divine Providence,
When my poor life should have been sacrific'd
To please a cruel uncle, whose ambition
Surpriz'd my crown, and after made Olivia,
His daughter, queen ; if it be treason to
Have been a stranger thus long from my country,
Bred up with silence of my name and birth,
And not till now mature to own myself
Before a sunbeam ; if it be treason,
After so long a banishment, to weep
A tear of joy upon my country's bosom
And call her mine, my just inheritance,
Unless you stain my blood with bastardy ;
If it be treason still to love this earth,

That knew so many of my race her kings,
Though late unkindly arm'd to kill her sovereign,
As if the effusion of my blood were left
To make her fertile; if to love Olivia,
My nearest pledge of blood, although her power
Hath chain'd her prince, and made her lord her prisoner,
Who sits with expectation to hear
That sentence that must make the golden wreath
Secure upon her brow by blasting mine;
If this be treason, I am guilty. Ferdinand,
Your king 's become a traitor, and must die
A black and most inglorious death.

Ern. You offer
At some defence, but come not home. By what
Engine were you translated hence, or whither
Convey'd? There was some trust deceiv'd when you
Were carried forth to be preserv'd, and much
Care taken since in bringing of you up,
And giving secret fire to this ambition.

Fer. There wants no testimony here of what
Concerns the story of my birth and infancy,
If one dare speak and be an honest lord——

Leand. How's that?

Fer. Whose love and art securêd me from all tyranny,
Though here my funeral was believed; while I,
Sent to an honourable friend, his kinsman,
Grew safely to the knowledge of myself

At last, till fortune of the war betray'd me
To this captivity.
Leand. I blush at thee,
Young man, whose fall has made thee desperate,
And carêst not what man's blood thou draw'st along,
As hateful as thy crimes.
Ern. That confederate
Sure has some name: declare him, that he may
Thank you for his award, and lose his head for 't.
Queen. We always see that men, in such high nature
Deform'd and guilty, want no specious shapes
To gain their practice, friendship, and compassion;
But he shall feel the punishment. D' you smile?
Fer. A woman's anger is but worth it, madam;
And if I may have freedom, I must say,
Not in contempt of what you seem, nor help'd
By overcharge of passion, which but makes
A fruitless noise, I have a sense of what
I am to lose, a life; but I am so fortified
With valiant thoughts and innocence, I shall,
When my last breath is giving up to lose
Itself in the air, be so remote from fear,
That I will cast my face into a smile,
Which shall, when I am dead, acquit all trembling,
And be a story to the world how free
From paleness Ferdinand took leave of earth.
Ros. Alas! my lord, you forget me, that can
Part with so much courage.
Fer. I forget indeed:

I thought of death with honour, but my love
Hath found a way to chide me. O, my boy!
I can weep now.

Leon. A sudden change: he weeps.

Queen. What boy is that?

Fer. I prithee take thyself away.

Queen. Your spirit does melt it seems, and you begin to think
A life is worth preserving though with infamy.

Fer. Goodness, thy aid again, and tell this great,
Proud woman, I have a spirit scorns her pity.
Come hither, boy, and let me kiss thee: thus,
At parting with a good and pretty servant,
I can without my honour stain'd shed tears.
I took thee from thy friends to make thee mine—
Is it not truth, boy?——

Ros. Yes, my lord.

Fer. And meant, when I was king, to make thee great;
And shall I not, when I can live no longer
To cherish thee, at farewell drop a tear,
That I could weep my soul upon thee. But
You are too slow methinks; I am so far
From dread, I think your forms too tedious.
I expect my sentence.

Queen. Let it stay awhile.
(*Aside.*) What secret flame is this? Honour protect me.
Your grace's fair excuse; for you I shall
Return again. [*Exit.*

Fer. And I, with better guard,
After my silence in the grave, to meet
And plead this cause.

Ern. He is distracted sure.
His person I could pity, but his insolence
Wants an example. What if we proceed
To sentence?

Leon. I suppose the queen will clear
Your duties in 't.

Leand. But I'll acquaint her. [*Exit.*

Leon. My lord, Leandro's gone.

Ern. His censure will
Be one with ours.—

Fer. Yet shall I publish who
Thou art? I shall not die with a calm soul
And leave thee in this cloud.

Enter QUEEN *and* LEANDRO.

Ros. By no means, sir. The queen.

Queen. Whose service is so forward to our state,
That when our pleasure's known not to proceed
They dare be officious in his sentence? Are
We queen, or do we move by your protection?

Ern. Madam, the prince—

Queen. My lord, you have a queen:
I not suspect his wisdom, sir, but he
Hath no commission here to be a judge;
You were best circumscribe our regal power,
And by yourselves condemn or pardon all,
And we sign to your will. The offence which you

Call treason strikes at us, and we release it.
Let me but see one curl in any brow:
Attend the prisoner hither—Kiss our hand.
Are you so merciless to think this man
Fit for a scaffold?—You shall, sir, be near us;
And, if in this confusion of your fortunes
You can find gratitude and love, despair not:
These men, that now oppose, may find your title
Clear to the kingdom too. Be, sir, collected,
And let us love your arm.

[*Exit, supported by* FERDINAND.

Ros. What change is here?
Leand. What think you of this, lords?
Podriq. I dare not think.
Leon. Affronted thus. Oh, my vext heart.
Ros. I'll follow still; and, if this be no dream,
We have scap'd a brook to meet a greater stream.

FROM THE LADY OF PLEASURE.

ARETINA, SIR THOMAS BORNWELL'S *lady, and his* STEWARD.

Steward. BE patient, madam, you may have your pleasure.
Aret. 'Tis that I came to town for; I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires! the men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains

And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground: to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Sellinger's round; t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candle-
sticks;
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobby-
horse
Tire, and the maid-marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon meat.
Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful,
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be enviëd, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt.—I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.
Aret. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should

Do well to send you back into the country
With title of superintendant baillie.

Stew. How, madam?

Aret. Even so, sir.

Stew. I am a gentleman, though now your servant.

Aret. A country gentleman,
By your affection to converse with stubble:
His tenants will advance you wit, and plump it so
With beef and bag pudding——

Stew. You may say your pleasure,
It becomes not me dispute.

Aret. Complain to the lord of the soil, your master.

Stew. Y' are a woman of an ungovern'd passion,
And I pity you.

Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now, what's the matter?
Angry, sweetheart?

Aret. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrained in things
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obey'd
All thy desires against mine own opinion?
Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
We liv'd in; chang'd a calm and retire life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?

Aret. What charge more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?
Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen, great and powerful
I'th' state, but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune,
But would not flatter it to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.
Aret. Am I then
Brought in the balance so, sir?
Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obeyed no modest counsel to affect,
Nay study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tiers;
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman;
Banquets for t'other lady, aunt and cousins;
And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home and shew abroad,
More motley than the French or the Venetian,

About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hind'ring o'the market.
  Aret. Have you done, sir?
  Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich sattins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions. Your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers.
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.
  Aret. Pray do; I like
Your homily of thrift.
  Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
  Aret. A gamester too?
  Born. But you are not to that repentance yet
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtlety of cards
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You may play,

Not a pastime but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by 't.

Aret. Good,—proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings called the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the family of love translated
Into a more costly sin. There was a play on 't,
And had the poet not been brib'd to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some deeds had been discover'd, and the deeds too
In time he may make some repent and blush
To see the second part danc'd on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act, but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.

Aret. Have you concluded
Your lecture?

Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their fair
And modest freedom.

Aret. I'll not be so tedious
In my reply, but without art or elegance
Assure you I still keep my first opinion;
And though you veil your avaricious meaning
With handsome names of modesty and thrift,
I find you would entrench and wound the liberty
I was born with: were my desires unprivileged
By example, while my judgment thought 'em fit
You ought not to oppose; but when the practice
And tract of every honourable lady
Authorize me, I take it great injustice
To have my pleasures circumscrib'd and taught me.
A narrow-minded husband is a thief
To his own fame, and his preferment too;
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world,
While from the popular vote and knowledge men
Rise to employment in the state.
Born. I have
No great ambition to buy preferment
At so dear a rate.
Aret. Nor I to sell my honour
By living poor and sparingly. I was not
Bred in that ebb of fortune, and my fate
Shall not compel me to 't.
Born. I know not, madam,
But you pursue these ways.
Aret. What ways?
Born. In the strict sense of honesty I dare
Make oath they are innocent.
Aret. Do not divert,

By busy troubling of your brain, those thoughts
That should preserve them.

Born. How was that?

Aret. 'Tis English.

Born. But carries some unkind sense.

* * * * * * * *

Enter STEWARD.

Aret. What's your news, sir?

Stew. Madam, two gentlemen.

Aret. What gentlemen; have they no names?

Stew. They are—
The gentleman with his own head of hair,
Whom you commended for his horsemanship
In Hyde Park, and becoming the saddle,
The other day.

Aret. What circumstance is this
To know him by?

Stew. His name's at my tongue's end—
He lik'd the fashion of your pearl chain, madam,
And borrow'd it for his jeweller to take
A copy by.

Born. What cheating gallant's this?

Stew. That never walks without a lady's busk,
And plays with fans:—Mr. Alexander Kickshaw.
I thought I should remember him.

Aret. What's the other?

Stew. What an unlucky memory I have—
The gallant that still danceth in the street,
And wears a gross of ribbon in his hat;

That carries oringado in his pocket,
And sugar plums to sweeten his discourse;
That studies compliment, defies all wit
On black, and censures plays that are not bawdy—
Mr. John Littleworth.

Aret. They are welcome; but
Pray entertain them a small time, lest I
Be unprovided.

Born. Did they ask for me?

Stew. No, sir.

Born. It matters not, they must be welcome.

Aret. Fie, how this hair 's disorder'd; here's a curl
Straddles most impiously. I must to my closet.
[*Exit.*

Born. Wait on them; my lady will return again.
I have to such a height fulfill'd her humour
All application's dangerous; these gallants
Must be receiv'd, or she will fall into
A tempest, and the house be shook with names
Of all her kindred. 'Tis a servitude
I may in time shake off.

Enter Mr. ALEXANDER KICKSHAW *and* LITTLEWORTH.

Kick. and Lit. Save you, Sir Thomas.

Born. Save you, gentlemen.

Kick. I kiss your hand.

Born. What day is it abroad?

Lit. The morning rises from your lady's eye;
If she look clear we take the happy omen
Of a fair day.

Born. She'll instantly appear
To the discredit of your compliment;
But you express your wit thus.
Kick. And you modesty,
Not to affect the praises of your own.
Born. Leaving this subject, what game 's now afoot?
What exercise carries the general vote
O'the town now? Nothing moves without your knowledge.
Kick. The cocking now has all the noise. I'll have
A hundred pieces of one battle. Oh,
These birds of Mars.
Lit. Venus is Mars his bird too.
Kick. Why and the pretty doves are Venuses,
To shew that kisses draw the chariot.
Lit. I'm for that skirmish.
Born. When shall we have
More booths and bagpipes upon Bansted downs?
No mighty race is expected? But my lady returns.

Enter Aretina.

Aret. Fair morning to you, gentlemen;
You went not late to bed by your early visit.
You do me honour.
Kick. It becomes our service.
Aret. What news abroad? You hold precious intelligence.
Lit. All tongues are so much busy with your praise
They have not time to frame other discourse.
Will please you, madam, taste a sugar'd plum?

Born. What does the goldsmith think the pearl is worth
You borrow'd of my lady?
Kick. 'Tis a rich one.
Born. She has many other toys, whose fashion you
Will like extremely. You have no intention
To buy any of her jewels?
Kick. Understand me.
Born. You had rather sell perhaps? But leaving this,
I hope you'll dine with us?
Kick. I came on purpose.
Aret. And where were you last night?
Kick. I, madam? where
I slept not: it had been sin, where so much
Delight and beauty was to keep me waiting.
There is a lady, madam, will be worth
Your free society; my conversation
Ne'er knew so elegant and brave a soul,
With most incomparable flesh and blood:
So spirited, so courtly, speaks the languages,
Sings, dances, plays o'the lute to admiration;
Is fair, and paints not; games too, keeps a table,
And talks most witty satire; has a wit
Of a clean Mercury.
Lit. Is she married?
Kick. No.
Aret. A virgin?
Kick. Neither.
Lit. What, a widow? Something

Of this wide commendation might have been
Excus'd this such a prodigy.

Kick. Repent,
Before I name her. She did never see
Yet full sixteen; an age in the opinion
Of wise men not contemptible. She has
Mourn'd out her year too for the honest knight
That had compassion of her youth and died
So timely. Such a widow is not common;
And now she shines [abroad] more fresh and tempting
Than any natural virgin.

Aret. What's her name?

Kick. She was christen'd Celestina; by her husband
The Lady Belamour. This ring was hers.

Born. You borrow'd it to copy out the posy?

Kick. Are they not pretty rubies? 'Twas a grace
She was pleas'd to show me, that I might have one
Made of the same fashion, for I love
All pretty forms.

Aret. And is she glorious?

Kick. She is full of jewels, madam; but I am
Most taken with the bravery of her mind,
Although her garments have all grace and ornament.

Aret. You have been high in praises.

Kick. I come short;
No flattery can reach her.

Born. Now my lady
Is troubled, as she fear'd to be eclipsed.
This news will cost me somewhat.

Aret. You deserve
Her favour for this noble character.
Kick. And I possess it, by my star's benevolence.
Aret. You must bring us acquainted.
Born. I pray do, sir,
I long to see her too. Madam, I have
Thought upon 't, and corrected my opinion;
Pursue what ways of pleasure your desires
Incline you to. Not only with my state,
But with my person I will follow you:
I see the folly of my thrift, and will
Repent in sack and prodigality
To your own heart's content.
Aret. But do not mock.
Born. Take me to your embraces, gentlemen,
And tutor me.
Lit. And will you kiss the ladies?
Born. And sing, and dance.—I long to see this beauty—
I would fain lose an hundred pounds at dice now—
Thou shalt have another gown and petticoat
To-morrow—Will you sell my running horses?—
We have no Greek wine in the house, I think;
Pray send one of our footmen to the merchant,
And throw the hogshead of March beer into
The kennel, to make room for sack and claret.
What think you to be drunk yet before dinner?
We will have constant music, and maintain
Them and their fiddles in fantastic liveries—
I'll tune my voice to catches—I must have

My dining room enlarged t' invite ambassadors—
We'll feast the parish in the fields, and teach
The military men new discipline,
Who shall charge all their new artillery
With oranges and lemons, boy, to play
All dinner upon our capons.

Kick. He's exalted.

Born. I will do any thing to please my lady,
Let that suffice, and kiss o'the same condition.
I am converted, do not you dispute,
But patiently allow the miracle.

Aret. I am glad to hear you sit in so good tune.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the painter.

Aret. I am to sit this morning.

Kick. With your favour we'll wait on you; sitting's but
A melancholy exercise without
Some company to discourse.

Aret. It does conclude
A lady's morning work; we rise, make fine,
Sit for our picture, and 'tis time to dine.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF CELESTINA.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter CELESTINA *and her* STEWARD.

Cel. FIE, what an air this room has.
Stew. 'Tis perfumed.
Cel. With some cheap stuff: is it your wisdom's thrift
To infect my nostrils thus, or is 't to favour
The gout in your worship's hand? You are afraid
To exercise your pen in your account book,
Or do you doubt my credit to discharge
Your bills?
Stew. Madam, I hope you have not found
My duty with the guilt of sloth or jealousy
Unapt to your command.
Cel. You can extenuate
Your faults with language, sir; but I expect
To be obey'd. What hangings have we here?
Stew. They are arras, madam.
Cel. Impudence, I know 't.
I will have fresher and more rich, not wrought
With faces that may scandalise a Christian,
With Jewish stories, stuff'd with corn and camels:
You had best wrap all my chambers in wild Irish,
And make a nursery of monsters here,
To fright the ladies come to visit me.
Stew. Madam, I hope——
Cel. I say I will have other,
Good master steward, of a finer loom,

Some silk and silver, if your worship please
To let me be at so much cost: I'll have
Stories to fit the seasons of the year,
And change as often as I please.

Stew. You shall, madam.

Cel. I am bound to your consent forsooth! And is
My coach brought home?

Stew. This morning I expect it.

Cel. The inside, as I gave direction,
Of crimson plush?

Stew. Of crimson camel plush.

Cel. Ten thousand moths consume 't! Shall I ride through
The streets in penance, wrapt up round in hair-cloth?
Sell 't to an alderman,—'twill serve his wife
To go a feasting to their country house,—
Or fetch a merchant's nurse child, and come home
Laden with fruit and cheesecakes. I despise it.

Stew. The nails adorn it, madam, set in method
And pretty forms.

Cel. But single gilt, I warrant?

Stew. No, madam.

Cel. Another solecism. O fie!
This fellow will bring me to a consumption
With fretting at his ignorance. Some lady
Had rather never pray than go to church in 't.
The nails not double gilt!—to market with it!
'Twill hackney out to Mile End, or convey
Your city tumblers to be drunk with cream
And prunes at Islington.

Stew. Good madam, hear me.
Cel. I'll rather be beholding to my aunt,
The countess, for her mourning coach, than be
Disparag'd so. Shall any juggling tradesman
Be at charge to shoe his running horse with gold,
And shall my coach-nails be but single gilt?
How dare these knaves abuse me so!
Stew. Vouchsafe
To hear me speak.
Cel. Is my sedan yet finish'd
As I gave charge?
Stew. Yes, madam, it is finished,
But without tilting plumes at the four corners;
The scarlet's pure, but not embroidered.
Cel. What mischief were it to your conscience
Were my coach lined with tissue, and my harness
Cover'd with needlework? if my sedan
Had all the story of the prodigal
Embroider'd with pearl?
Stew. Alas, good madam,
I know 'tis your own cost; I'm but your steward,
And would discharge my duty the best way.
You have been pleas'd to hear me, 'tis not for
My profit that I manage your estate
And save expense, but for your honour, madam.
Cel. How, sir, my honour?
Stew. Though you hear it not,
Men's tongues are liberal in your character
Since you began to live thus high. I know
Your fame is precious to you.

Cel. I were best
Make you my governor! Audacious varlet,
How dare you interpose your doting counsel?
Mind your affairs with more obedience,
Or I shall ease you of an office, sir.
Must I be limited to please your honour,
Or for the vulgar breath confine my pleasures?
I will pursue 'em in what shapes I fancy
Here and abroad. My entertainments shall
Be oft'ner, and more rich. Who shall control me?
I live i'the Strand, whither few ladies come
To live and purchase more than fame—I will
Be hospitable then, and spare no cost
That may engage all generous report
To trumpet forth my bounty and my bravery
Till the court envy and remove—I'll have
My house the academy of wits, who shall,
Exalt[ed] with rich sack and sturgeon,
Write panegyrics of my feasts, and praise
The method of my witty superfluities—
The horses shall be taught, with frequent waiting
Upon my gates, to stop in their career
Toward Charing Cross, spite of the coachman's fury;
And not a tilter but shall strike his plume
When he sails by my window—My balcony
Shall be the courtiers' idol, and more gazed at
Than all the pageantry at Temple Bar
By country clients.
Stew. Sure my lady 's mad.
Cel. Take that for your ill manners.

Stew. Thank you, madam:
I would there were less quicksilver in your fingers.
Cel. There's more than simple honesty in a servant
Required for his full duty. None should dare
But with a look, much less a saucy language,
Check at their mistress's pleasure. I'm resolv'd
To pay for some delight, my estate will bear it;
I'll run it shorter when I please.

ARETINA'S RECEPTION OF HER NEPHEW FREDERICK.

Persons.—*Bornwell, Frederick, and Steward.*

Enter Mr. FREDERICK.

Stew. MR. Frederick, welcome. I expected not
So soon your presence. What's the hasty cause?
Fred. These letters from my tutor will acquaint you.
* * * * Where's my aunt?
Stew. She's busy about her painting in her closet;
The outlandish man of art is copying out
Her countenance.
Fred. She's sitting for her picture?
Stew. Yes, sir; and when 'tis drawn she will be hang'd
Next the French cardinal in the dining-room.
But when she hears you're come she will dismiss
The Belgic gentleman to entertain
Your worship.

Fred. Change of air has made you witty.

Born. Your tutor gives you a handsome character,
Frederick, and is sorry your aunt's pleasure
Commands you from your studies; but I hope
You have no quarrel to the liberal arts?
Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility of birth; honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

Fred. I never knew more sweet and happy hours
Than I employed upon my books. I heard
A part of my philosophy, and was so
Delighted with the harmony of nature
I could have wasted my whole life upon 't.

Born. 'Tis pity a rash indulgence should corrupt
So fair a genius. She's here;—I'll observe.

Enter ARETINA, KICKSHAW, LITTLEWORTH.

Fred. My most lov'd aunt.

Aret. Support me,—I shall faint!

Lit. What ails your ladyship?

Aret. Is that Frederick
In black?

Kick. Yes, madam; but the doublet's satin.

Aret. The boy's undone.

Fred. Madam, you appear troubled.

Aret. Have I not cause? Was I not trusted with
Thy education, boy, and have they sent thee
Home like a very scholar?

Kick. 'Twas ill done,

Howe'er they us'd him in the university,
To send him home to his friends thus.
Fred. Why, sir, black
(For 'tis the colour that offends your eyesight)
Is not, within my reading, any blemish;
Sables are no disgrace in heraldry.
Kick. 'Tis coming from the college thus that makes it
Dishonourable. While you wore it for
Your father it was commendable, or were
Your aunt dead you might mourn and justify.
Aret. What luck[1] I did not send him into France!
They would have given him generous education,
Taught him another garb, to wear his cock
And shape as gaudy as the summer, how
To dance and wag his feather alamode,
To compliment and cringe, to talk not modestly,
Like ay forsooth and no forsooth, to blush
And look so like a chaplain; there he might
Have learnt a brazen confidence, and observ'd
So well the custom of the country, that
He might by this time have invented fashions
For us, and been a benefit to the kingdom;
Preserv'd our tailors in their wits, and sav'd
The charge of sending into foreign courts
For pride and antic fashions. Observe
In what a posture he does hold his hat now!
Fred. Madam, with your pardon, you have practis'd
Another dialect than was taught me when

[1] *Luck* evidently means misfortune here.

I was commended to your care and breeding.
I understand not this; Latin or Greek
Are more familiar to my apprehension;
Logic was not so hard in my first lectures
As your strange language.

Aret. Some strong waters,—oh!

Lit. Comfits will be as comfortable to your stomach, madam.

Aret. I fear he's spoil'd for ever: he did name
Logic, and may, for ought I know, be gone
So far to understand it. I did always
Suspect they would corrupt him in the college.
Will your Greek saws and sentences discharge
The mercer? or is Latin a fit language
To court a mistress in? Mr. Alexander,
If you have any charity, let me
Commend him to your breeding; I suspect
I must employ my doctor first to purge
The university that lies in's head
To alter's complexion.

Kick. If you dare
Trust me to serve him—

Aret. Mr. Littleworth,
Be you join'd in commission.

Lit. I will teach him
Postures and rudiments.

Aret. I have no patience
To see him in this shape, it turns my stomach.
When he has cast his academic skin
He shall be yours. I am bound in conscience

To see him bred, his own 'state shall maintain
The charge while he's my ward. Come hither, sir.
Fred. What does my aunt mean to do with me?
Stew. To make you a fine gentleman, and translate you
Out of your learned language, sir, into
The present Goth and Vandal, which is French.
Born. Into what mischief will this humour ebb?
She will undo the boy; I see him ruin'd.
My patience is not manly, but I must
Use stratagem to reduce her, open ways
Give me no hope.
Stew. You shall be obey'd, madam.
[*Exeunt all but* FREDERICK *and the* STEWARD.
Fred. Mr. Steward, are you sure we do not dream?
Was 't not my aunt you talk'd to?
Stew. One that loves you
Dear as her life. These clothes do not become you,
You must have better, sir.
Fred. These are not old.
Stew. More suitable to the town and time. We keep
No lent here, nor is't my lady's pleasure you
Should fast from any thing you have a mind to,
Unless it be your learning, which she would have you
Forget with all convenient speed that may be
For the credit of your noble family.
The case is alter'd since we liv'd in the country:
We do not [now] invite the poor i'the parish
To dinner, keep a table for the tenants;
Our kitchen does not smell of beef, the cellar

Defies the price of malt and hops; the footmen
And coachdrivers may be drunk like gentlemen
With wine; nor will three fiddlers upon holidays,
With aid of bagpipes, that call'd in the country
To dance and plough the hall up with their hobnails,
Now make my lady merry; we do feed
Like princes, and feast nothing but princes,
And are those robes fit to be seen amongst 'em?
Fred. My lady keeps a court then? Is Sir Thomas
Affected with this state and cost?
Stew. He was not,
But is converted. But I hope you will not
Persist in heresy, but take a course
Of riot to content your friends; you shall
Want nothing. If you can be proud and spend it
For my lady's honour, here are a hundred
Pieces will serve you till you have new clothes;
I will present you with a nag of mine,
Poor tender of my service—please to accept,
My lady's smile more than rewards me for it.
I must provide fit servants to attend you,
Monsieurs for horse and foot.
Fred. I shall submit,
If this be my aunt's pleasure, and be ruled.
My eyes are open'd with this purse already,
And sack will help to inspire me. I must spend it.

FROM THE ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

Written by Shirley and Chapman.

THE QUEEN INSULTING THE WIFE AND FATHER OF THE ACCUSED ADMIRAL IN THEIR MISFORTUNES.

Persons.—*The Constable of France, Queen, Wife and Father of Chabot.*

CONSTABLE *introducing the* WIFE *of* CHABOT.

Cons. SHE attends you, madam.

Queen. This humbleness proceeds not from your heart;
Why, you are a queen yourself in your own thoughts;
The admiral's wife of France cannot be less;
You have not state enough, you should not move
Without a train of friends and servants.

Wife. There is some mystery
Within your language, madam. I would hope
You have more charity than to imagine
My present condition worth your triumph,
In which I am not so lost but I have
Some friends and servants with proportion
To my lord's fortune; but none within the lists
Of those that obey me can be more ready
To express their duties, than my heart to serve
Your just commands.

Queen. Then pride will ebb, I see;
There is no constant flood of state and greatness;
The prodigy is ceasing when your lord
Comes to the balance; he, whose blazing fires

Shot wonders through the kingdom, will discover
What flying and corrupted matter fed him.
Wife. My lord?
Queen. Your high and mighty justicer,
The man of conscience, the oracle
Of state, whose honourable titles
Would crack an elephant's back, is now turn'd mortal;
Must pass examination and the test
Of law, have all his offices ripp'd up,
And his corrupt soul laid open to the subjects;
His bribes, oppressions, and close sins, that made
So many groan and curse him, now shall find
Their just reward; and all that love their country
Bless heaven and the king's justice, for removing
Such a devouring monster.
Father. Sir, your pardon.
Madam, you are the queen, she is my daughter,
And he that you have character'd so monstrous
My son-in-law, now gone to be arraigned.
The king is just, and a good man; but 't does not
Add to the graces of your royal person
To tread upon a lady thus dejected
By her own grief: her lord's not yet found guilty,
Much less condemn'd, though you have pleas'd to execute him.
Queen. What saucy fellow's this?
Father. I must confess
I am a man out of this element,
No courtier, yet I am a gentleman,

That dare speak honest truth to the queen's ear,
(A duty every subject will not pay you)
And justify it to all the world; there's nothing
Doth more eclipse the honours of our soul
Than an ill-grounded and ill-followed passion,
Let fly with noise and licence against those
Whose hearts before are bleeding.

Cons. Brave old man!

Father. 'Cause you are a queen, to trample o'er a woman
Whose tongue and faculties are all tied up;
Strike out a lion's teeth, and pare his claws,
And then a dwarf may pluck him by the beard—
'Tis a gay victory.

Queen. Did you hear, my lord?

Father. I ha' done.

Wife. And it concerns me to begin.
I have not made this pause through servile fear,
Or guilty apprehension of your rage,
But with just wonder of the heats and wildness
Has prepossess'd your nature 'gainst our innocence.
You are my queen, unto that title bows
The humblest knee in France, my heart made lower
With my obedience and prostrate duty,
Nor have I powers created for my use
When just commands of you expect their service;
But were you queen of all the world, or something
To be thought greater, betwixt heaven and us,
That I could reach you with my eyes and voice,

I would shoot both up in defence of my
Abused honour, and stand all your lightning.
Queen. So brave?
Wife. So just and boldly innocent.
I cannot fear, arm'd with a noble conscience,
The tempest of your frown, were it more frightful
Than every fury made a woman's anger,
Prepar'd to kill with death's most horrid ceremony;
Yet with what freedom of my soul I can
Forgive your accusation of my pride.
Queen. Forgive! What insolence is like this language?
Can any action of ours be capable
Of thy forgiveness? Dust! how I despise thee.
Can we sin to be object of thy mercy?
Wife. Yes, and have done 't already, and no stain
To your greatness, madam; 'tis my charity,
I can remit; when sovereign princes dare
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity and their pray'rs, and 'tis
In the free power of those whom they oppress
To pardon 'em; each soul has a prerogative
And privilege royal that was sign'd by heav'n.
But though, in th' knowledge of my disposition,
Stranger to pride, and what you charge me with,
I can forgive the injustice done to me,
And striking at my person, I have no
Commission from my lord to clear you for
The wrongs you have done him, and till he pardon

The wounding of his loyalty, with which life
Can hold no balance, I must talk just boldness
To say——

Father. No more! Now I must tell you, daughter,
Lest you forget yourself, she is the queen,
And it becomes you not to vie with her
Passion for passion: if your lord stand fast
To the full search of law, heaven will revenge him,
And give him up precious to good men's loves.
If you attempt by these unruly ways
To vindicate his justice, I'm against you;
Dear as I wish your husband's life and fame,
Suffer are bound to suffer, not contest
With princes, since their will and acts must be
Accounted one day to a judge supreme.

Wife. I ha' done. If the devotion to my lord,
Or pity to his innocence, have led me
Beyond the awful limits to be observ'd
By one so much beneath your sacred person,
I thus low crave your royal pardon, madam;
I know you will remember, in your goodness,
My life-blood is concerned while his least vein
Shall run black and polluted, my heart fed
With what keeps him alive; nor can there be
A greater wound than that which strikes the life
Of our good name, so much above the bleeding
Of this rude pile we carry, as the soul
Hath excellence above this earth-born frailty.
My lord, by the king's will, is led already
To a severe arraignment, and to judges

Will make no tender search into his tract
Of life and state; stay but a little while,
And France shall echo to his shame or innocence.
This suit I beg with tears, I shall have sorrow
Enough to hear him censur'd foul and monstrous
Should you forbear to antedate my sufferings.

Queen. Your conscience comes about, and you incline
To fear he may be worth the law's condemning.

Wife. I sooner will suspect the stars may lose
Their way, and crystal heaven return to chaos;
Truth sits not on her square more firm than he;
Yet let me tell you, madam, were his life
And action so foul as you have character'd
And the bad world expects, though as a wife
'Twere duty I should weep myself to death
To know him fall'n from virtue, yet so much
I, a frail woman, love my king and country,
I should condemn him too, and think all honours,
The price of his lost faith, more fatal to me
Than Cleopatra's asps warm in my bosom,
And as much boast their killing.

ALEXANDER BROME.

BORN 1620.—DIED 1666.

Alexander Brome was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court. From a verse in one of his poems, it would seem that he had been sent once in the civil war (by compulsion no doubt), on the parliament side, but had stayed only three days, and never fought against the king and the cavaliers. He was in truth a strenuous loyalist, and the bacchanalian songster of his party. Most of the songs and epigrams that were published against the Rump have been ascribed to him. He had besides a share in a translation of Horace, with Fanshaw, Holiday, Cowley, and others, and published a single comedy, the Cunning Lovers, which was acted in 1651, at the private house in Drury. There is a playful variety in his metre, that probably had a better effect in song than in reading. His thoughts on love and the bottle have at least the merit of being decently jovial, though he arrays the trite arguments of convivial invitation in few original images. In studying the traits and complexion of a past age, amusement, if not illustration, will often be found from the ordinary effusions of party ridicule. In this view the Diurnal and other political satires of Brome have an extrinsic value as contemporary caricatures.

THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid;
Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she;
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
That's with Canary lin'd.

ON CANARY.

Of all the rare juices
That Bacchus or Ceres produces,

There's none that I can, nor dare I
Compare with the princely Canary.
For this is the thing
That a fancy infuses,
This first got a king,
And next the nine muses;
'Twas this made old poets so sprightly to sing,
And fill all the world with the glory and fame on't,
They Helicon call'd it, and the Thespian spring,
But this was the drink, though they knew not the name on't.

Our cider and perry
May make a man mad, but not merry,
It makes people windmill-pated,
And with crackers sophisticated;
And your hops, yest, and malt,
When they're mingled together,
Makes our fancies to halt,
Or reel any whither;
It stuffs up our brains with froth and with yest,
That if one would write but a verse for a bellman,
He must study till Christmas for an eight shilling jest,
These liquors won't raise, but drown, and o'er-whelm man.

Our drowsy metheglin
Was only ordain'd to inveigle in
The novice that knows not to drink yet,
But is fuddled before he can think it:

And your claret and white
Have a gunpowder fury,
They're of the French spright,
But they won't long endure you.
And your holiday muscadine, Alicant and tent,
Have only this property and virtue that's fit in't,
They'll make a man sleep till a preachment be spent,
But we neither can warm our blood nor wit in't.

The bagrag and Rhenish
You must with ingredients replenish;
'Tis a wine to please ladies and toys with,
But not for a man to rejoice with.
But 'tis sack makes the sport,
And who gains but that flavour,
Though an abbess he court,
In his high-shoes he'll have her;
'Tis this that advances the drinker and drawer:
Though the father came to town in his hobnails and leather,
He turns it to velvet, and brings up an heir,
In the town in his chain, in the field with his feather.

ROBERT HERRICK.

BORN 1591.

Herrick's vein of poetry is very irregular, but where the ore is pure, it is of high value. His song beginning, "Gather the rose-buds while ye may," is sweetly Anacreontic. Nichols, in his History of Leicestershire, has given the fullest account of his history hitherto published, and reprinted many of his poems, which illustrate his family connexions. He was the son of an eminent goldsmith in Cheapside, was born in London, and educated at Cambridge. Being patronized by the Earl of Exeter, he was, in 1629, presented by Charles I. to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire, from which he was ejected during the civil war, and then having assumed the habit of a layman, resided in Westminster. After the Restoration he was replaced in his vicarage. To his Hesperides, or works human and divine, he added some pieces on religious subjects, where his volatile genius was not in her element.

SONG.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been,
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin like a Spring
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
  Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And, with dishevell'd hair,
  Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
  Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye're left here to lament
  Your poor estates alone.

TO MEADOWS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet, the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd its noon.
    Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
    Has run
But to the even song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.
    We die,
As your hours do, and dry
    Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee ;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will o' th' Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber ?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus, to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past ;

But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others, not their own!
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee!
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove:
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.

No: thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which tho' well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And chear'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamel'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;

And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill;
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast;
Thy may-poles too, with garlands grac'd;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings:
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!

Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

BORN 1618.—DIED 1667.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was the posthumous son of a grocer in London. His mother, though left a poor widow, found means to get him educated at Westminster school, and he obtained a scholarship at Cambridge. Before leaving the former seminary he published his Poetical Blossoms. He wrote verses while yet a child; and amidst his best poetry as well as his worst, in his touching and tender as well as extravagant passages, there is always something that reminds us of childhood in Cowley. From Cambridge he was ejected, in 1643, for his loyalty; after a short retirement he was induced by his principles to follow the queen to Paris, as secretary to the Earl of St. Alban's, and, during an absence of ten years from his native country, was employed in confidential journeys for his party, and in decyphering the royal correspondence. The object of his return to England, in 1656, I am disposed to think, is misrepresented by his biographers:

they tell us that he came over, under pretence of privacy, to give notice of the posture of affairs. Cowley came home indeed, and published an edition of his poems, in the preface to which he decidedly declares himself a quietist under the existing government, abjures the idea of all political hostility, and tells us that he had not only abstained from printing, but had burnt the very copies of his verses that alluded to the civil wars. "The enmities of fellow-citizens," he continues, "should be like those of lovers, the redintegration of their amity." If Cowley employed this language to make his privacy the deeper pretence for giving secret intelligence, his office may be worthily named that of a spy, but the manliness and placidity of his character render it much more probable that he was sincere in those declarations; nor were his studious pursuits, which were chiefly botanical, well calculated for political intrigue. He took a doctor's degree, but never practised, and was one of the earliest members of the philosophical society. While Butler's satire was unworthily employed in ridiculing the infancy of that institution, Cowley's wit took a more than ordinary stretch of perversion in the good intention of commending it. Speaking of Bacon, he calls him

the mighty man,
Whom a wise king and nature chose
To be the chancellor of both their laws.

At his first arrival in England he had been imprisoned, and obliged to find bail to a great amount. On the death of Cromwell he considered himself at liberty, and went to France, where he stopt till the Restoration. At that event, when men who had fought under Cromwell were rewarded for coming over to Charles II. Cowley was denied the mastership of the Savoy on pretence of his disloyalty, and the Lord Chancellor told him that his pardon was his reward. The sum of his offences was, that he had lived peaceably under the usurping government, though without having published a word even in his amiable and pacific preface, that committed his principles. But an absurd idea prevailed that his Cutter of Coleman-street was a satire on his party, and he had published an ode to Brutus! It is impossible to contrast this injured honesty of Cowley with the successful profligacy of Waller and Dryden, and not to be struck with the all-prevailing power of impudence. In such circumstances it is little to be wondered at that Cowley should have sighed for retirement, and been ready to accept of it even in the deserts of America. Misanthropy, as far as so gentle a nature could cherish it, naturally strengthened his love of retirement, and increased that passion for a country life which breathes in the fancy of his poetry, and in the eloquence of his prose. By the influence of Buckingham and St. Albans, he at last obtained a competence of about 300*l*. a year, from a lease of the

queen's lands, which enabled him to retire, first to Barnes Elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, on the Thames. But his health was now declining, and he did not long experience either the sweets or inconveniences of rustication. He died, according to Dr. Spratt, in consequence of exposing himself to cold one evening that he staid late among his labourers. Another account ascribes his death to being benighted in the fields, after having spent too convivial an evening with the same Dr. Spratt.

THE CHRONICLE, A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,

Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r:
Wond'rous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame;
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera.*

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,

The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befel)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his clos'd sight,
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal light:

A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-cloth'd dream,
She us'd of old near fair Ismenus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her
feet.

She touch'd him with her harp and rais'd him from
the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.
" Art thou return'd at last," said she,
" To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate;
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolv'd t' exalt thy anointed name
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;

Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and
show,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go;
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there;
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create:
Business! the frivolous pretence
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me:
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
Thou thoughtst, if once the public storm were
past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
Behold the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore:
But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.

As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king;
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then, alas! to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry hand around,
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heav'n did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom thro' long wand'rings he had led,)
That he would give them ev'n a heav'n of brass:
They look'd up to that heav'n in vain,
That bounteous heav'n! which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more,
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Tho' she contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another, thou didst see,
Giv'n to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.

Go on, twice sev'n years more, thy fortune try.
Twice sev'n years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery:
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on
all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said:
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,

No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever
grow.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gav'st so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,
By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heav'n desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and better king t' accuse;
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear:
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortune's fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend,
I ought to be accurs'd if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and tho' I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or
slow;
Thou! who rewardest but with pop'lar breath,
And that, too, after death!"

FROM FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

A THOUSAND pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease:
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

THE DESPAIR.

Beneath this gloomy shade,
By Nature only for my sorrows made,
I'll spend this voice in cries,
In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed;
So lust of old the deluge punished.
Ah, wretched youth, said I;
Ah, wretched youth! twice did I sadly cry;
Ah, wretched youth! the fields and floods reply.

When thoughts of love I entertain,
I meet no words but Never, and, In vain:
Never, alas! that dreadful name
Which fuels the infernal flame:
Never! my time to come must waste;
In vain! torments the present and the past:
In vain, in vain! said I,
In vain, in vain! twice did I sadly cry;
In vain, in vain! the fields and floods reply.

No more shall fields or floods do so,
For I to shades more dark and silent go:

All this world's noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted comedy:
No comfort to my wounded sight,
In the sun's busy and impert'nent light.
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth, and for awhile was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled.

Ah, sottish soul! said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly:
Fool! to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool! to that body to return,
Where it condemn'd and destin'd is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou shouldst come to live it o'er again in me?

THE WAITING-MAID.

Thy maid! Ah! find some nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent,
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The min'st'ring angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty or their face,
For which by men they worshipp'd be,
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

HONOUR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won;
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Iö, triumph; enter in.

What is this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate;

Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy:
Unlike to ev'ry other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

OF WIT.

Tell me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it:
For the first matter loves variety less;
Less women love it, either in love or dress:
A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears:
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.

London, that vends of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more:

For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass,
As through a multiplying-glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis a wit, that greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name;
And wits by our creation they become,
Just so as tit'lar bishops made at Rome
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet:
All ev'ry where, like man's, must be the soul,
And reason the inferior pow'rs control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That shews more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.

Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
Jests for Dutch men and English boys;
In which who finds out wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostics poetry.
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such dross the fire must purge away; 'tis just
The author blush there where the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,
When Bajazet begins to rage:
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree:
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.
Or as the primitive forms of all,
(If we compare great things with small)
Which without discord or confusion lie,
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

Oh, Solitude! first state of humankind!
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
Ev'n his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one;

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well manag'd by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Ev'n thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

BORN 1608.—DIED 1666.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE, the son of Sir Henry Fanshawe, remembrancer of the Irish Exchequer, was born at Ware, in Hertfordshire, in 1608. An accomplished traveller, he gave our language some of its earliest and most important translations from modern literature, and acted a distinguished part under the Charles's, in the political and diplomatic history of England.

THE SPRING, FROM THE SPANISH.

THOSE whiter lilies which the early morn
  Seems to have newly woven of sleav'd silk,
To which, on banks of wealthy Tagus born,
  Gold was their cradle, liquid pearl their milk.

The blushing roses, with whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.

Both those and these my Cælia's pretty foot
Trod up—but if she should her face display,
And fragrant breast—they'd dry again to the root,
As with the blasting of the mid-day's ray;
And this soft wind, which both perfumes and cools
Pass like the unregarded breath of fools.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

BORN 1605.—DIED 1668.

Davenant's personal history is sufficiently curious without attaching importance to the insinuation of Wood, so gravely taken up by Mr. Malone, that he was the son of Shakspeare. He was the son of a vintner at Oxford, at whose house the immortal poet is said to have frequently lodged. Having risen to notice by his tragedy of Albovine, he wrote masques for the court of Charles I. and was made governor of the king and queen's company of actors in Drury-lane. In the civil wars we find the theatric manager quickly transmuted into a general of ordnance, knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester, and afterwards negociating between the king and his advisers

at Paris. There he began his poem of Gondibert, which he laid aside for a time for the scheme of carrying a colony from France to Virginia; but his vessel was seized by one of the parliament ships, he was thrown into prison, and owed his life to friendly interference, it is said to that of Milton, whose friendship he returned in kind. On being liberated, his ardent activity was shewn in attempting to restore theatrical amusements in the very teeth of bigotry and puritanism, and he actually succeeded so far as to open a theatre in the Charterhouse yard. At the Restoration he received the patent of the Duke's theatre in Lincoln's Inn, which he held till his death.

Gondibert has divided the critics. It is undeniable, on the one hand, that he shewed a high and independent conception of epic poetry, in wishing to emancipate it from the slavery of ancient authority, and to establish its interest in the dignity of human nature, without incredible and stale machinery. His subject was well chosen from modern romantic story, and he strove to give it the close and compact symmetry of the drama. Ingenious and witty images, and majestic sentiments, are thickly scattered over the poem. But Gondibert, who is so formally described, has certainly more of the cold and abstract air of an historical, than of a poetical portrait, and, unfortunately, the beauties of the poem are those of elegy and epigram, more than of heroic fiction. It wants the charm of free and forcible narration; the life-pulse of interest is incessantly stopt by solemn

pauses of reflection, and the story works its way through an intricacy of superfluous fancies, some beautiful and others conceited, but all, as they are united, tending to divert the interest, like a multitude of weeds upon a stream, that entangle its course while they seem to adorn it.

The father of Rhodalind offering her to Duke Gondibert, and the Duke's subsequent interview with Birtha, to whom he is attached.

FROM GONDIBERT, CANTO IV.

THE king (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In subject's bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward councils, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds:

If to thy fame, brave youth, I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

* * * * * * * *

For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! Who now are she;
And she that heav'n where secondly I live.

And richer than that crown (which shall be thine
When life's long progress I have gone with fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame.

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
As young kings show, when by surprise o'erheard,
Moaning to fav'rite ears a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarch's griefs, by which they bashful grow;
And in that shame beholders they forbid;
Since those blush most, who most their blushes show.

And Gondibert, with dying eyes, did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal),
As great minds mourn, who cannot then relieve
The virtuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty died,
But that attendant hope persuades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus replied.

Victorious king! abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by war;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

A king you are o'er subjects so, as wise
And noble husbands seem o'er loyal wives;
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled virtue find) is yours;
Your diamond, which tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and Oisel's juice endures;

Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near,
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

Forgive me that I am not what I seem;
But falsely have dissembled an excess
Of all such virtues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confess.

Far in ambition's fever am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and, like the sun,
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

Nor is this now through virtuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd fear,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when saintly votaries appear.

When she will grace the bridal dignity,
  It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will try
  Who first can at her feet present his crown.

Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
  And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal suitors brings;
  Who for that smile would as for empire wait.

Amongst this ruling race she choice may take
  For warmth of valour, coolness of the mind,
Eyes that in empire's drowsy calms can wake,
  In storms look out, in darkness dangers find;

A prince who more enlarges pow'r than lands,
  Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his where he at full commands,
  Not where his coin does pass, but pow'r remains.

Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
  When by the good possest, for 'tis in them
The swelling Nile, from which though people fly,
  They prosper most by rising of the stream.

Thus, princess, you should choose; and you will find,
  Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kind)
  Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eyes.

Such was the duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral ears:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his fears.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewails;
And now her hope a weak physician seems;
For hope, the common comforter, prevails
Like common med'cines, slowly in extremes.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This forc'd excuse as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sudden passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poor,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And, kindness so impos'd, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
  Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring,
  Who thus her sorrows to his bosom sends:

Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
  Destroying wholly virtue's race in one;
So by the first to my unlucky sex,
  All in a single ruin were undone.

Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! whilst I,
  Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
That virtuous men forsake so willingly
  Long cherish'd life, because to heav'n they go.

Let me her servant be: a dignity,
  Which if your pity in my fall procures,
I still shall value the advancement high,
  Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours.

Ere this high sorrow up to dying grew,
  The duke the casket open'd, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerful em'rald drew;
  Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sense.

The thirtieth carract it had doubled twice;
  Not ta'en from the Attic silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
  Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
  Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians
      climb;
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
  Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake: "This, Birtha, from my male
  Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kind heart they did in love prevail,
  The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee:

Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
  To bride did first succeed; and though 'tis known
From ancient lore, that gems much virtue hide,
  And that the em'rald is the bridal stone:

Though much renown'd because it chastens loves,
  And will, when worn by the neglected wife,
Show when her absent lord disloyal proves,
  By faintness, and a pale decay of life.

Though em'ralds serve as spies to jealous brides,
  Yet each compar'd to this does counsel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
  Or seems born blind, or feigns a dying sleep.

With this take Orgo, as a better spy,
  Who may in all your kinder fears be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
  By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artful pencil Birtha drawn,
   (With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light)
He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
   A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness fear,
   Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
   A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vast to be contain'd in speech)
   Thus she a little spake: "Why stoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
   Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

Or why do I, when I this plight embrace,
   Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
But that your virtue has with angels place,
   And 'tis a virtue to aspire to heav'n.

And as tow'rds heav'n all travel on their knees,
   So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better please
   Than aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
   Far from your bosom banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
   Or proudly think my chastity desert.

But thus ascending from your humble maid
  To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
  Till time my duty cancel with my life.

And fruitfully if heav'n e'er make me bring
  Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you can tax the spring
  For boasting of those flowers she cannot hide.

Orgo I so receive as I am taught
  By duty to esteem what e'er you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought
  Will luckier than his former triumphs prove.

For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
  He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
  And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she: and with fix'd continu'd sight,
  The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight,
  Like flowers, still sweeter as they thicker grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
  The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shunn'd impediment) has sent
  To tell the duke, his monarch is in haste:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears,
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay,
And bids her hope he with the king shall find,
By now appearing forward to obey,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies,
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

BORN 1615.—DIED 1668.

Sir John Denham was born in Dublin, where his father was chief-baron of the Irish Exchequer. On his father's accession to the same office in the English Exchequer our poet was brought to London, and there received the elements of his learning. At Oxford he was accounted a slow, dreaming young man, and chiefly noted for his attachment to cards and dice. The same propensity followed him to Lincoln's Inn, to such a degree that his father threatened to disinherit him. To avert this he wrote

a penitentiary essay on gaming; but after the death of his father he returned to the vice that most easily beset him, and irrecoverably injured his patrimony. In 1641, when his tragedy of the Sophy appeared, it was regarded as a burst of unpromised genius. In the better and bygone days of the drama, so tame a production would not perhaps have been regarded as astonishing, even from a dreaming young man. He was soon after appointed high-sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king; but being unskilled in military affairs, he resigned his command, and joined his majesty at Oxford, where he published his Cooper's Hill. In the civil wars he served the royal family, by conveying their correspondence; but was at length obliged to quit the kingdom, and was sent as ambassador by Charles II. in his exile, to the king of Poland. At the Restoration he was made surveyor of the king's buildings, and knighted, with the order of the Bath; but his latter days were embittered by an unfortunate marriage, and by a temporary derangement of mind.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those,
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,

Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or
fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, though several ways they
run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;

As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names

Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,.
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son which did the second bring;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;

To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise;
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own much
more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,

Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;

When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,

Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.

Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;

Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So t'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:

Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
" Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
" Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but
spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

GREAT Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into reason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake.
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
Now they could him, if he could them, forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live:
Less seem those facts which treason's nickname bore
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent.

This fate he could have 'scap'd, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

JOHN BULTEEL.

DIED 1669.

Mr. Ritson, in his Collection of English Songs, supposes John Bulteel to have been secretary to the Earl of Clarendon, and to have died in 1669. He was the collector of a small miscellany, published about the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. Park makes a query whether he was not the gentleman mentioned by Wood (Fasti) as having translated from French into English "A General Chronological History of France, before the reign of Pharamond."

SONG.

Chloris, 'twill be for either's rest
Truly to know each other's breast;
I'll make th' obscurest part of mine
Transparent, as I would have thine:
If you will deal but so with me,
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;
And though the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shin'd;
  Yet, if you lov'd me not, you'd see
  I'd value those as you do me.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
My passion should transcend your scorn;
And that your bright triumphant eyes
Create a flame that never dies;
  Yet, if to me you prov'd untrue,
  Those oaths should prove as false to you.

If love I vow'd to pay for hate,
'Twas, I confess, a mere deceit;
Or that my flame should deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your love:
  I bragg'd, as cowards use to do,
  Of dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my tenets I have show'd,
If you think them too great a load;
T' attempt your change were but in vain,
The conquest not being worth the pain:
  With them I'll other nymphs subdue;
  'Tis too much to lose time and you.

GEORGE WITHER.

BORN 1588.—DIED 1669.

George Wither, the descendant of a family who had for several generations possessed the property of Manydowne, in Hampshire, was born in that county, at Bentworth, near Alton. About the age of sixteen he was sent to Oxford, where he had just begun to fall in love with the mysteries of logic, when he was called home by his father, much to his mortification, to hold the plough. He was even afraid of being put to some mechanical trade, when he contrived to get to London, and with great simplicity had proposed to try his fortune at court. To his astonishment, however, he found that it was necessary to flatter in order to be a courtier. To shew his independence he therefore wrote his "Abuses whipt and stript," and instead of rising at court, was committed for some months to the Marshalsea[1]. But if his puritanism excited enemies, his talents and frankness gained him friends. He appears to have been intimate with the poet Brown, and to have been noticed by Selden. To the latter he inscribed his translation of the poem on the Nature of Man, from the Greek of Bishop Nemesius,

[1] He was imprisoned for his "Abuses whipt and stript;" yet this could not have been his first offence, as an allusion is made to a former accusation.

an ancient father of the church. While in prison he wrote his Shepherd's Hunting, which contains perhaps the very finest touches that ever came from his hasty and irregular pen, and besides those prison eclogues, composed his Satire to the King, a justification of his former satires, which, if it gained him his liberation, certainly effected it without retracting his principles.

It is not probable that the works of Wither will ever be published collectively, curious as they are, and occasionally marked by originality of thought: but a detailed list of them is given in the British Bibliographer. From youth to age George continued to pour forth his lucubrations, in prophesy, remonstrance, complaint and triumph, through good and evil report, through all vicissitudes of fortune, at one time in command among the saints, and at another scrawling his thoughts in gaol, when pen and ink were denied him, with red ochre upon a trencher. It is generally allowed that his taste and genius for poetry did not improve in the political contest. Some of his earliest pieces display the native amenity of a poet's imagination; but, as he mixed with the turbulent times, his fancy grew muddy with the stream. While Milton in the same cause brought his learning and zeal as a partisan, he left the Muse behind him, as a mistress too sacred to be introduced into party brawlings; Wither, on the contrary, took his Muse along with him to the camp and the congregation, and it is little to be wondered at that her cap

should have been torn, and her voice made hoarse in the confusion.

Soon after his liberation from prison he published the Hymns and Songs of the Church, one edition of which is dedicated to King James, in which he declares that the hymns were printed under his majesty's gracious protection. One of the highest dignitaries of the church also sanctioned his performance; but as it was Wither's fate to be for ever embroiled, he had soon after occasion to complain that the booksellers, "those cruel bee-masters," as he calls them, "who burn the poor Athenian bees for their honey," endeavoured to subvert his copy-right, while some of the more zealous clergymen complained that he had interfered with their calling, and slanderous persons termed his hymns needless songs and popish rhymes. From any suspicion of popery his future labours were more than sufficient to clear him. James, it appears, encouraged him to finish a translation of the Psalms, and was kindly disposed towards him. Soon after the decease of his sovereign, on remembering that he had vowed a pilgrimage to the Queen of Bohemia, he travelled to her court to accomplish his vow, and presented her highness with a copy of his Psalms.

In 1639 he was a captain of horse in the expedition against the Scots, and quarter master general of his regiment, under the Earl of Arundel. But as soon as the civil wars broke out he sold his estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament, and

soon afterwards rose to the rank of major. In the month October of the same year, 1642, he was appointed by parliament captain and commander of Farnham Castle, in Surrey; but his government was of short duration, for the castle was ceded on the first of December to Sir William Waller. Wither says, in his own justification, that he was advised by his superiors to quit the place, while his enemies alleged that he deserted it. The defence of his conduct, which he published, seems to have been more resolute than his defence of the fortress. In the course of the civil war, he was made prisoner by the royalists, and when some of them were desirous of making an example of him, Denham, the poet, is said to have pleaded with his majesty that he would not hang him, for as long as Wither lived he (Denham) could not be accounted the worst poet in England. Wood informs us that he was afterwards constituted by Cromwell major-general of all the horse and foot in the county of Surrey. In his addresses to Cromwell there is mixed with his usual garrulity of advice and solemnity of warning a considerable degree of adulation. His admonitions probably exposed him to little hazard; they were the croakings of the raven on the right hand. It should be mentioned however, to the honour of his declared principles, that in the "National Remembrancer" he sketched the plan of an annual and freely elected parliament, which differed altogether from the shadow of representation afforded by the government of the

usurper. On the demise of Cromwell he hailed the accession of Richard with joyful gratulation. He never but once in his life foreboded good, and in that prophecy he was mistaken.

At the Restoration, the estates, which he had either acquired or purchased during the interregnum, were taken from him. But the event which crushed his fortunes could not silence his pen, and he was committed first to Newgate and afterwards to the Tower, for remonstrances, which were deemed a libel on the new government. From the multitude of his writings, during a three years' imprisonment, it may be clearly gathered, that he was treated not only with rigour, but injustice; for the confiscation of his property was made by forcible entry, and besides being illegal in form, was directly contrary to the declaration that had been issued by Charles the Second before his accession. That he died in prison may be inferred from the accounts, though not clear from the dates of his biographers; but his last days must have been spent in wretchedness and obscurity. He was buried between the east door and the south end of the Savoy church, in the Strand.

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S HUNTING.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs could heavens raise?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,

Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee.
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light;
But so much her power may do
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power!
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with Fame at last.
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas, my Muse is slow;
For thy pace she flags too low.

Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipp'd of late;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly, where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double;
I would love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields·
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel;
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief·
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will:

Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight:
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loanness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,

This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heav'n to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May;
    If she be not so to me,
    What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
    If she be not so to me,
    What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
Which may merit name of best;
    If she be not such to me,
    What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
That without them dare to woo;
    And, unless that mind I see,
    What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe—
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
    If she be not fit for me,
    What care I for whom she be?

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

Hence away, thou Siren, leave me,
  Pish! unclasp these wanton arms,
Sugar'd wounds can ne'er deceive me,
  (Though thou prove a thousand charms)
    Fie, fie, forbear;
    No common snare
  Can ever my affection chain:

Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such, as you be;
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soon enamour'd swain
Those common wiles
Of sighs and smiles
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me a painted beauty;
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy clothes
And feign'd oaths may love obtain.
I love her so,
Whose look swears No,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn?

I can go rest
On her sweet breast,
That is the pride of Cynthia's train:
Then stay thy tongue,
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestowed on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies,
Where each peasant mates with him:
Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb?
No, no, though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain;
And those I'll prove:
So will thy love
Be all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty
Where each lustful lad may woo,
Give me her whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:
She, she it is
Affords that bliss
For which I would refuse no pain:
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu;
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you Sirens, leave me;
 Seek no more to work my harms:
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am proof against your charms:
  You labour may
  To lead astray
 The heart, that constant shall remain;
  And I the while
  Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vain.

DR. HENRY KING.

BORN 1591.—DIED 1669.

Dr. Henry King was chaplain to James the First, and Bishop of Chichester.

SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:

Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.

The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which like growing fountains rise
To drown their banks: Grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those wat'rish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow, for thy sake.

THE DIRGE.

What is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats the bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flow'r—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moraliz'd in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death!

DR. ROBERT WILDE

Was a dissenting clergyman. The dates of his birth and death are not given by Jacobs. He was author of a poem, entitled Iter Boreale, and The Benefice, a comedy.

A COMPLAINT OF A LEARNED DIVINE IN PURITAN TIMES.

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;

After seven years reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf.
Into learned rags,
I have rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin:
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten.
Alas, poor scholar, whither wilt thou go?

*   *   *   *   *

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended;
I have preach'd, I have printed,
Whate'er I hinted,
To please our English Pope;
I worship'd towards the East,
But the sun doth now forsake me;
I find that I am falling,
The northern winds do shake me.
Would I had been upright,
For bowing now will break me.
Alas, poor, &c.

At great preferment I aimed,
Witness my silk,
But now my hopes are maimed.
I looked lately

To live most stately,
And have a dairy of bell-rope's milk;
But now, alas!
Myself I must flatter,
Bigamy of steeples is a laughing matter
Each man must have but one,
And curates will grow fatter.
Alas, poor, &c.

Into some country village
Now I must go,
Where neither tithe nor tillage
The greedy patron,
And parched matron,
Swear to the church they owe.
Yet if I can preach
And pray too on a sudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure without studying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Besides a Sunday pudding.
Alas, poor, &c.

All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and human,
Yet all 's not worth a shilling.
When the women hear me
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane.

Once I remember
I preached with a weaver;
I quoted Austin,
He quoted Dod and Clever:
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and beaver.
Alas, poor, &c.

Ships, ships, ships I discover,
Crossing the main;
Shall I in and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk or Papist,
To Geneva or Amsterdam?
Bishoprics are void
In Scotland, shall I thither?
Or follow Windebank
And Finch, to see if either
Do want a priest to shrieve them?
O no, 'tis blust'ring weather.
Alas, poor, &c.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it:
Peace, Goodman fool,
Thou hast a trade will fit it:
Draw thy indenture,
Be bound at a venture
An apprentice to a free-school;
There thou mayst command
By William Lilly's charter;

There thou mayst whip, strip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the red rod
Both Will, and Tom, and Arthur.
Ay, ay, 'tis hither, hither will I go.

FROM MUSARUM DELICIÆ; OR THE MUSE'S RECREATION.
JOINTLY PUBLISHED BY

SIR JOHN MENNIS AND JAMES SMITH.

Sir John Mennis was born in 1598. He was successively a military and naval commander; a vice-admiral in the latter service, governor of Dover Castle, and chief comptroller of the navy. He composed the well known ballad on Sir John Suckling's defeat.—Smith was born about 1604: was a military and naval chaplain, canon of Exeter cathedral, and doctor in divinity.

UPON LUTE-STRINGS CAT-EATEN.

Are these the strings that poets feign
Have clear'd the air and calm'd the main?
Charm'd wolves, and from the mountain crests
Made forests dance, with all their beasts?

Could these neglected shreds you see
Inspire a lute of ivory,
And make it speak? oh then think what
Hath been committed by my cat,
Who, in the silence of this night,
Hath gnawn these cords, and marr'd them quite,
Leaving such relics as may be
For frets, not for my lute, but me.
Puss, I will curse thee; may'st thou dwell
With some dry hermit in a cell,
Where rat ne'er peep'd, where mouse ne'er fed,
And flies go supperless to bed;
Or with some close-par'd brother, where
Thou'lt fast each Sabbath in the year;
Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,
For butchering a mouse on Sunday.
Or may'st thou tumble from some tower,
And miss to light upon all four,
Taking a fall that may untie
Eight of nine lives, and let them fly.
Or may the midnight embers singe
Thy dainty coat, or Jane beswinge
* * * * * * *
What, was there ne'er a rat nor mouse,
Nor buttery ope; nought in the house
But harmless lute-strings, could suffice
Thy paunch, and draw thy glaring eyes?
Did not thy conscious stomach find
Nature profan'd, that kind with kind

Should staunch his hunger? think on that,
Thou cannibal and cyclops cat.
For know, thou wretch, that every string
Is a cat's gut, which art doth bring
Into a thread; and now suppose
Dunstan, that snuff'd the devil's nose,
Should bid these strings revive, as once
He did the calf, from naked bones;
Or I, to plague thee for thy sin,
Should draw a circle, and begin
To conjure, for I am, look to't,
An Oxford scholar, and can do't.
Then with three sets of mops and mows,
Seven of odd words, and motley shows,
A thousand tricks, that may be taken
From Faustus, Lambe, or Friar Bacon;
I should begin to call my strings
My catlings, and my minikins;
And they re-catted, straight should fall
To mew, to purr, to caterwaul;
From puss's belly, sure as death,
Puss should be an engastrumeth.
Puss should be sent for to the king,
For a strange bird, or some rare thing.
Puss should be sought to far and near,
As she some cunning woman were.
Puss should be carried up and down,
From shire to shire, from town to town,
Like to the camel, lean as hag,
The elephant, or apish nag,

For a strange sight; puss should be sung
In lousy ballads, midst the throng,
At markets, with as good a grace
As Agincourt, or Chevy Chace.
The Troy-sprung Briton would forego
His pedigree, he chanteth so,
And sing that Merlin (long deceas'd)
Return'd is in a nine-liv'd beast.
Thus, puss, thou seest what might betide thee;
But I forbear to hurt or chide thee.
For't may be puss was melancholy,
And so to make her blithe and jolly,
Finding these strings, she'd have a fit
Of mirth; nay, puss, if that were it,
Thus I revenge me, that as thou
Hast play'd on them, I on thee now;
And as thy touch was nothing fine,
So I've but scratch'd these notes of mine.

JASPER MAYNE.

BORN 1604.—DIED 1672.

THIS writer has a cast of broad humour that is amusing, though prone to extravagance. The idea in the City Match of Captain Quartfield and his boon companions exposing simple Timothy dead drunk, and dressed up as a sea-monster for a show, is not indeed within the boundaries of either taste or credibility; but amends is made for it in the next scene, of old Warehouse and Seathrift witnessing in disguise the joy of their heirs at their supposed deaths. Among the many interviews of this nature by which comedy has sought to produce merriment and surprise, this is not one of the worst managed. Plotwell's cool impudence is well supported, when he gives money to the waterman (who tells that he had escaped by swimming at the time the old citizens were drowned),

> There, friend, there is
> A fare for you: I'm glad you 'scap'd; I had
> Not known the news so soon else.

Dr. Mayne was a clergyman in Oxfordshire. He lost his livings at the death of Charles I. and became chaplain to the Earl of Devonshire, who made him acquainted with Hobbes; but the philosopher and

poet are said to have been on no very agreeable terms. At the restoration he was reinstated in his livings, made a canon of Christ-church, archdeacon of Chichester, and chaplain in ordinary to the king. Besides the comedy of the City Match, he published a tragicomedy, called the Amorous War; several sermons; dialogues from Lucian; and a pamphlet on the Civil Wars.

A SON AND NEPHEW RECEIVING THE NEWS OF A FATHER'S AND AN UNCLE'S DEATH.

FROM THE CITY MATCH. ACT III. SCENE III.

Persons.—*Warehouse and Seathrift, two wealthy old merchants in disguise; Cypher, the former's factor, disguised as a waterman; Plotwell, nephew to Warehouse; Timothy, son to Seathrift; Captain Quartfield, Bright, and Newcut, companions of Plotwell.*

Place—*A Tavern.*

Cyph. THEN I must tell the news to you, 'tis sad.
Plot. I'll hear't as sadly.
Cyph. Your uncle, sir, and Mr. Seathrift are
Both drown'd, some eight miles below Greenwich.
Plot. Drown'd!
Cyph. They went i'th' tilt-boat, sir, and I was one
O' th' oars that rowed 'em; a coal-ship did o'er-run us,
I 'scap'd by swimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.
Bright. How some men's prayers are heard! We did invoke

The sea this morning, and see the Thames has took
'em.

Plot. It cannot be; such good news, gentlemen,
Cannot be true.

Ware. 'Tis very certain, sir,
'Twas talk'd upon th' Exchange.

Sea. We heard it too
In Paul's now as we came.

Plot. There, friend, there is
A fare for you; I'm glad you 'scap'd; I had
Not known the news so soon else.

[*Gives him money.*

Cyph. Sir, excuse me.

Plot. Sir, it is conscience; I do believe you might
Sue me in chancery.

Cyph. Sir, you show the virtues of an heir.

Ware. Are you rich Warehouse's heir, sir?

Plot. Yes, sir, his transitory pelf,
And some twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the hour is come,
You shall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and spoils valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glass. I intend to have
A musket for you, or glass cannon, with
A most capacious barrel, which we'll charge,
And discharge with the rich valiant grape
Of my uncle's cellar, every charge shall fire
The glass, and burn itself i' th' filling, and look
Like a piece going off.

Quart. I shall be glad

To give thanks for you, sir, in pottle-draughts,
And shall love Scotch-coal for this wreck the better,
As long as I know fuel.
Plot. Then my poet
No longer shall write catches, or thin sonnets,
Nor preach in verse, as if he were suborn'd
By him that wrote the *Whip*, to pen lean acts,
And so to overthrow the stage for want
Of salt or wit. Nor shall he need torment
Or persecute his muse; but I will be
His god of wine t'inspire him. He shall no more
Converse with the five-yard butler; who, like thunder,
Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it sour:
But shall come forth a Sophocles, and write
Things for the buskin. Instead of Pegasus,
To strike a spring with's hoof, we'll have a steel
Which shall but touch a butt, and straight shall flow
A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon.
Sale. Frank, thou shalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the life
And death of two rich merchants.
Plot. Gentlemen,
And now i'faith what think you of the fish?
Ware. Why as we ought, sir, strangely.
Bright. But d'you think it is a very fish?
Sea. Yes.
New. 'Tis a man.

Plot. This valiant captain and this man of wit
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake
him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Mr. Timothy!
Tim. Plague take you, captain.
Plot. What does your sack work still?
Tim. Where am I?
Plot. Come, y'have slept enough.
Bright. Mr. Timothy!
How in the name of fresh cod came you chang'd
Into a sea-calf thus?
New. S'light, sir, here be
Two fishmongers to buy you; beat the price,
Now y'are awake, yourself.
Tim. How's this, my hands
Transmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Array'd in fins, and scales? Are n't you
Asham'd to make me such a monster? Pray
Help to undress me.
Plot. We have rare news for you.
Tim. No letter from the lady, I hope.
Plot. Your father,
And my grave uncle, sir, are cast away.
Tim. How?
Plot. They by this have made a meal
For jacks and salmon: they are drown'd.
Bright. Fall down,
And worship sea-coals, for a ship of them
Has made you, sir, an heir.
Plot. This fellow here

Brings the auspicious news: and these two friends
Of ours confirm it.

Cyph. 'Tis too true, sir.

Tim. Well,
We are all mortal; but in what wet case
Had I been now, if I had gone with him!
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into some pike, you might ha' cheap'ned me
In Fish-street; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance at the Mermaid. Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain which
Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
[*He feigns to weep.*

Sea. Fie, sir! good truth, it is not manly in you,
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.

Tim. I do not cry for that.

Sea. No?

Tim. No, but to think,
My mother is not drowned too.

Sea. I assure you,
And that a shrewd mischance.

Tim. For then might I
Ha' gone to th' counting-house, and set at liberty
Those harmless angels, which for many years
Have been condemn'd to darkness.

Plot. You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weighed to you.

New. Indeed they say he was a monument of Paul's.

Tim. Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey. I can show
The prints where he sate, holes i' th' logs.
Plot. He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make
A row of new stone-saints, and yet refused
To give to th' reparation.
Bright. I've heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.
Plot. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch t'apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of tooth-ach. This is
True, Mr. Timothy, is't not?
Tim. Yes: then linen
To us was stranger than to Capuchins.
My flesh is of an order with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant-bags.
Sea. I'll not endure it;
Let's show ourselves.
Ware. Stay, hear all first.
New. Thy uncle was such another.
Bright. I have heard
He still last left th' Exchange; and would commend
The wholesomeness o' th' air in Moor-fields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.
Plot. Surely myself,
Cypher his factor, and an ancient cat,
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would

Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins; swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an epicure
From half an orange. [*They undisguise.*
Ware. Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your cloud. D'you know me, sir?
Plot. My uncle!
Sea. And do you know me, sir?
Tim. My father!
Ware. Nay,
We'll open all the plot, reveal yourself.
Plot. Cypher the waterman!
Quart. Salewit, away!
I feel a tempest coming.
[*Ex.* QUART. *and* SALEWIT.
Ware. Are you struck
With a torpedo, nephew?
Sea. Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a fish in earnest?
Bright. It begins to thunder.
New. We will make bold to take our leaves.
Ware. What, is your captain fled?
Sea. Nay, gentlemen, forsake your company!
Bright. Sir, we have business.
Sea. Troth, it is not kindly done.
[*Exeunt* BRIGHT, NEW.
Ware. Now, Mr. Seathrift,
You see what mourners we had had, had we
Been wreck'd in earnest. My griev'd nephew here
Had made my cellar flow with tears, my wines

Had charg'd glass-ord'nance, our funerals had been
Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.
Sea. And at our graves
Your nephew and my son had made a panegyrick,
And open'd all our virtues.
Ware. Ungrateful monster!
Sea. Unnatural villain!
Ware. Thou enemy to my blood!
Sea. Thou worse than parricide!
Ware. Next my sins, I do repent I am thy uncle.
Sea. And I thy father.
Ware. Death o' my soul! Did I when first thy father
Broke in estate, and then broke from the Counter,
Where Mr. Seathrift laid him in the hole
For debt, among the ruins of the city,
And trades like him blown up, take thee from dust,
Give thee free education, put thee in
My own fair way of traffick; nay, decree
To leave thee jewels, land, my whole estate,
Pardon'd thy former wildness, and couldst thou sort
Thyself with none but idle gallants, captains,
And poets, who must plot before they eat,
And make each meal a stratagem? Then could none
But I be subject of thy impious scoffs?
I swoon at sight of meat; I rise a glutton
From half an orange: Wretch, forgetful wretch;
'Fore heaven I count it treason in my blood
That gives thee a relation. But I'll take
A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll first
Adopt a slave, brought from some galley; one

Which laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills with stools, and brass-
pots;
One who shall first be houshold-stuff, then my heir.
Or to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
Cypher, go find me Baneswright; he shall straight
Provide me a wife. I will not stay to let
My resolution cool. Be she a wench
That every day puts on her dowry, wears
Her fortunes, has no portion, so she be
Young and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will; this afternoon!
I will about it straight.
Sea. I follow you. [*Ex.* WARE. CYPHER.
And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
The wond'rous Indian fish caught near Peru,
Who can be of both elements, your sight
Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
And in thy room pronounce to make thy sister
My heir; it would be most unnatural
To leave a fish on land. 'Las! sir, one of your
Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack,
Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps;
I know you'll not endure to see my jack
Go empty, nor wear shirts of copperas-bags,
Nor fast in Paul's, you. I do hate thee now,
Worse than a tempest, quicksand, pirate, rock,
Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-seal.
Go let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some ape, ('tis stale
To be a fish twice) or some active baboon.

And when you can find money out, betray
What wench i'th' room has lost her maidenhead;
Can mount to th' king, and can do all your feats,
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
Th' Exchange, I'll see you; so I leave you.
Plot. Now [*Ex.* Sea.
Were there a dext'rous beam and two-pence hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himself.
Tim. I have brought myself to a fine pass too.
Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pickrel.

SONG IN THE AMOROUS WAR.

Time is the feather'd thing,
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy locks, and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes:

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;

Flames turn to frost; and ere we can
Know how our cheek turns pale and wan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

RICHARD BRAITHWAITE.

BORN 1588.—DIED 1673.

Richard Braithwaite, mentioned by Warton as a pastoral poet, but more valuable as a fluent though inelegant satirist, was the son of Thomas Braithwaite of Warcop, near Appleby, in Westmorland. When he had finished his education at both universities, his father gave him the estate of Barnside, in Westmorland, where he held a commission in the militia, and was deputy-lieutenant of the county. His latter days were spent near Richmond, in Yorkshire, where he died with a highly respectable character. To the list of his pieces enumerated by Wood two have been since added by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Malone, amounting in all to nineteen, among which are two tragi-comedies, Mercurius Britannicus and the Regicidium.

FROM A STRAPADO FOR THE DEVIL.

A man there was who had liv'd a merry life
Till in the end he took to him a wife,

One that no image was, for she could speak,
And now and then her husband's costrel break;
This drove the poor man to a discontent,
And oft and many times did he repent
That e'er he chang'd his former quiet state;
But 'las! repentance then did come too late,
No cure he finds to heal this malady,
But makes a virtue of necessity.
The common cure for care to every man,
A pot of nappy ale, where he began
To fortify his brains 'gainst all should come,
'Mongst which the clamour of his wife's loud tongue.
This habit grafted in him grew so strong,
That when he was from ale an hour seem'd long,
So well he lik'd the potion. On a time,
Having staid long at pot—for rule or line
Limits no drunkard—even from morn to night,
He hasted home apace by the moonlight,
Where as he went what phantasies were bred,
I do not know, in his distemper'd head,
But a strange ghost appear'd and forc'd him stay,
With which perplext he thus began to say:
"Good spirit if thou be, I need no charm,
For well I know thou wilt not do me harm;
And if the devil, sure thou shouldst not hurt,
I wed thy sister and am plagued for't."
The spirit, well approving what he said,
Dissolv'd to air and quickly vanished.

JOHN MILTON.

BORN 1608.—DIED 1674.

If the memory of Milton has been outraged by Dr. Johnson's hostility, the writings of Blackburne, Hayley, and, above all, of Symmons, may be deemed sufficient to have satisfied the poet's injured shade. The apologies for Milton have indeed been rather full to superfluity than defective. Dr. Johnson's triumphant regret at the supposed whipping of our great poet at the university, is not more amusing than the alarm of his favourable biographers at the idea of admitting it to be true. From all that has been written on the subject, it is perfectly clear that Milton committed no offence at college which could deserve an ignominious punishment. Admitting Aubrey's authority for the anecdote, and his authority is not very high, it points out the punishment not as a public infliction, but as the personal act of his tutor, who resented or imagined some unkindnesses.

The youthful history of Milton, in despite of this anecdote, presents him in an exalted and amiable light. His father, a man of no ordinary attainments, and so accomplished a musician[1] as to rank honourably among the composers of his age, intended him

[1] Milton was early instructed in music. As a poet he speaks like one habituated to inspiration under its influence, and seems to have attached considerable importance to the science in his system of education.

for the ministry of the church, and furnished him with a private tutor, who probably seconded his views; but the piety that was early instilled into the poet's mind, grew up, with the size of his intellect, into views of religious independence that would not have suited any definite ecclesiastical pale; and if Milton had become a preacher, he must have founded a church of his own. Whilst a boy, the intensity of his studies laid the seeds of his future blindness; and at that period the Latin verses addressed to his father, attest not only the prematurity of his attainments, but the endearing strength of his affections.

The few years which he spent at his father's house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, after leaving the university, and before setting out on his travels, were perhaps the happiest in his life. In the beautiful scenery of that spot, disinclined to any profession by his universal capacity, and thirst for literature, he devoted himself to study, and wrote the most exquisite of his minor poems. Such a mind, in the opening prime of its genius, enjoying rural leisure and romantic walks, and luxuriating in the production of Comus and the Arcades, presents an inspiring idea of human beatitude.

When turned of thirty he went to Italy, the most accomplished Englishman that ever visited her classical shores. The attentions that were there shewn to him are well known. We find him at the same time, though a stranger and a heretic, boldly expressing his opinions within the verge of the Vatican. There, also, if poetry ever deigns to receive assist-

ance from the younger art, his imagination may have derived at least congenial impressions from the frescos of Michael Angelo, and the pictures of Raphael; and those impressions he may have possibly recalled in the formation of his great poem, when his eyes were shut upon the world, and when he looked inwardly for "godlike shapes and forms."

In the eventful year after his return from the continent, the fate of Episcopacy, which was yet undecided, seemed to depend chiefly on the influence which the respective parties could exercise upon the public mind, through the medium of the press, which was now set at liberty by the ordinance of the long Parliament. Milton's strength led him foremost on his own side of the controversy; he defended the five ministers, whose book was entitled Smectymnuus[1], against the learning and eloquence of Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher, and became, in literary warfare, the bulwark of his party. It is performing this and similar services, which Dr. Johnson calls Milton's vapouring away his patriotism in keeping a private boarding-house; and such are the slender performances at which that critic proposes that we should indulge in some degree of merriment. Assuredly, if Milton wielded the pen instead of the sword, in public dispute, his enemies had no reason to regard the former weapon as either idle or impotent in his hand. An invitation to laugh on such an occasion, may remind us of what Sternhold and

[1] From the initial letters of their names.

Hopkins denominate "awful mirth;" for of all topics which an enemy to Milton's principles could select, his importance in maintaining them is the most unpropitious to merriment.

The most difficult passage of his life for his biographers to comment upon with entire satisfaction, is his continued acceptance of Cromwell's wages after Cromwell had become a tyrant. It would be uncandid to deny, that his fear of the return of the Stuarts, the symptoms of his having been seldom at the usurper's court, and the circumstance of his having given him advice to spare the liberties of the people, form some apology for this negative adherence. But if the people, according to his own ideas, were capable of liberty after Cromwell's death, they were equally so before it; and a renunciation of his profits under the despot would have been a nobler and fuller sacrifice to public principles, than any advice. From ordinary men this was more than could be expected; but Milton prescribed to others such austerity of duty, that, in proportion to the altitude of his character, the world, which looked to him for example, had a right to expect his practical virtue to be severe.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
That erst with music and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,

Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He who with all heav'n's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just!
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remediless
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O, ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

ON SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchr'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
  First heard before the shallow cuckow's bill,
  Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
  Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
  As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
  Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he returning chide;
  Doth God exact day labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask? but patience to prevent
  That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
    Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
  Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
    They also serve who only stand and wait.

SONNET ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
  Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
  Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave

Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
   Purification in the old law did save,
   And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heav'n without restraint,
   Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
   Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
   But O, as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

ATHENS.

FROM BOOK IV. OF PARADISE REGAINED.

Look once more ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred

Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions, and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

SAMSON BEWAILING HIS BLINDNESS AND CAPTIVITY.

FROM SAMPSON AGONISTES.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,

Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind,
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column, charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength

Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke.
* * * * * * * *
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created beam, and thou great word,
Let there be light, and light was over all;
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And bury'd: but O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Bury'd, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

SPEECHES OF MANOAH, THE FATHER OF SAMSON, AND OF THE CHORUS, ON HEARING OF HIS LAST ACHIEVEMENT AND DEATH.

Manoah. SAMSON hath quit himself
Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd
A life heroic; on his enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of Caphtor
Through all Philistian bounds, to Israel

Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
To himself and father's house eternal fame,
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
But favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soak'd in his enemies' blood, and from the stream,
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs, wash off
The clotted gore. I with what speed the while
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
With silent obsequy, and funeral train,
Home to his father's house: there will I build him
A monument, and plant it round with shade
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame their breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high:
The virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chorus. All is best, though we oft doubt
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns,
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent;
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind all passions spent.

FROM COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit *descends or enters.*

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial spirits live inspher'd
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,

Amongst the enthron'd gods, on sainted seats.
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key
That opes the palace of Eternity:
To such my errand is; and but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.
But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt-flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their saphir crowns
And wield their little tridents: but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;
And all this track that fronts the falling sun,
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old and haughty nation proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nurs'd in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-entrusted sceptre; but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,

But that by quick command from sov'reign Jove
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;
And listen why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.
Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
Crush'd the sweet poison of the misused wine,
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
Coasting Tyrrhene's shores, as the winds listed,
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed cup
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a grovelling swine)
This nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blythe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolic of his full-grown age,
Roving the Celtic and Iberian field,
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd,
Excels his mother at her mighty art,
Offering to every weary traveller
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
To quench the drought of Phœbus, which as they taste,
(For most do taste through fond, intemp'rate thirst)
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd

Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favour'd of high Jove
Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do: but first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods; nor of less faith,
And in this office of his mountain watch,
Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful steps. I must be viewless now.

Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glittering; they come in, making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus. The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,

And the gilded car of Day,
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile, welcome Joy and Feast,
Midnight Shout and Revelry,
Tipsy Dance, and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry quire,
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
Lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
And on the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.

Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
Dark-veil'd Cotytto! t' whom the secret flame
Of midnight torches burns; mysterious dame!
That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend
Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out:
Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep
From her cabin'd loophole peep,
And to the tell-tale sun descry
Our conceal'd solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees:
Our number may affright: some virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine art)
Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains: I shall ere long
Be well stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd

About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
My dazzling spells into the spungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the damsel to suspicious flight;
Which must not be, for that's against my course:
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy hearted man,
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
I shall appear some harmless villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
But here she comes; I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY *enters.*

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet oh, where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet

In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the grey hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,
And envious darkness, e'er they could return,
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,
Why wouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife and perfect in my list'ning ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound

The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glist'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have

Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of Parly, daughter of the Sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.
Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
That is address'd to unattending ears;
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.
Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lady. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lady. To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.
Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?
Lady. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Comus. Perhaps forestalling Night prevented them.
Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.
Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
Their port was more than human, as they stood;
I took it for a faëry vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them.
Lady. Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would over-task the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practis'd feet.
Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
And if your stray-attendants be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch'd pallet rouse; if otherwise,

I can conduct you, lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
'Till further quest.

Lady. Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: in a place
Less warranted than this, or less secure,
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

CHASTITY.

FROM THE SAME.

My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not.
* * * * * * * *
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills and sandy perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,

She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o' th'
Woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone.
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,

Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear Honour's sake,
Goddess of the Silver lake,
Listen and save;
Listen and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus;
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands;
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,

Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Slecking her soft alluring locks;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams, with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

THE DANCES ENDED, THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES.

Spirit. To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where Day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow

Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian queen;
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc'd,
After her wand'ring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

SPEECH OF THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD, IN THE ARCADES.

STAY, gentle swains; for though in this disguise
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;
Of famous Arcaday ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;
And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
Fair silver buskin'd nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent,
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom, with low reverence, I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity;
And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
What shallow searching Fame hath left untold;
Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,

Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of Morn
Awakes the slumb'ring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit ev'ry sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless;
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syren's harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with gross unpurged ear.

ANDREW MARVELL.

BORN 1620.—DIED 1678.

A BETTER edition of Marvell's works than any that has been given, is due to his literary and patriotic character. He was the champion of Milton's living reputation, and the victorious supporter of free principles against Bishop Parker, when that venal apostate to bigotry promulgated, in his Ecclesiastical Polity, " that it was more necessary to set a severe government over men's consciences and religious persuasions, than over their vices and immoralities." The humour and eloquence of Marvell's prose tracts were admired and probably imitated by Swift. In playful exuberance of figure he sometimes resembles Burke. For consistency of principles it is not so easy to find his parallel. His few poetical pieces betray some adherence to the school of conceit, but there is much in it that comes from the heart warm, pure, and affectionate.

He was a native of Hull. At the age of fifteen he was seduced from Cambridge by the proselytising Jesuits, but was brought back from London by his father, returned to the university, and continued for ever after an enemy to superstition and intrigue. In 1640 his father, who was a clergyman of Hull, embarked on the Humber in company with a youthful pair whom he was to marry at Barrow, in Lincolnshire. Though the weather was calm when they

entered the boat, the old gentleman expressed a whimsical presentiment of danger, by throwing his cane ashore, and crying out, "Ho for Heaven[1]!" A storm came on, and the whole company perished.

In consequence of this catastrophe the gentleman whose daughter was to have been married, adopted young Marvell as his son, conceiving his father to have sacrificed his life in performing an act of friendship. Marvell's education was thus enlarged: he travelled for his improvement over a considerable part of Europe, and was for some time at Constantinople as secretary to the English embassy at that court. Of his residence and employments for several years there is no account, till in 1653 he was engaged by the Protector to superintend the education of a Mr. Dutton, at Eton, and for a year and a half before Milton's death he was assistant to Milton in the office of Latin Secretary to the Protector. He sat in the parliament of 1660 as one of the representatives of the city of Hull, and was re-elected as long as he lived. At the beginning of the reign, indeed, we find him absent for two years in Germany and Holland, and on his return, having sought leave from his constituents, he accompanied Lord Carlisle as ambassador's secretary to the Northern Courts; but from the year 1665 till his

[1] The story is told differently in the Biographia Britannica, but the circumstance related there, of a beautiful boy appearing to the mother of the drowned lady, and disappearing with the mystery of a supernatural being, gives an air of incredibility to the other account.

death, his attendance in the House of Commons was uninterrupted, and exhibits a zeal in parliamentary duty that was never surpassed. Constantly corresponding with his constituents, he was at once earnest for their public rights and for their local interests. After the most fatiguing attendances it was his practice to send them a minute statement of public proceedings, before he took either sleep or refreshment. Though he rarely spoke, his influence in both houses was so considerable, that when Prince Rupert (who often consulted him), voted on the popular side, it used to be said that the prince had been with his tutor. He was one of the last members who received the legitimate stipend for attendance, and his grateful constituents would often send him a barrel of ale as a token of their regard. The traits that are recorded of his public spirit and simple manners, give an air of probability to the popular story of his refusal of a court-bribe. Charles the Second having met with Marvell in a private company, found his manners so agreeable, that he could not imagine a man of such complacency to possess inflexible honesty; he accordingly, as it is said, sent his lord-treasurer, Danby, to him next day, who, after mounting several dark staircases, found the author in a very mean lodging, and proffered him a mark of his majesty's consideration. Marvell assured the lord-treasurer that he was not in want of the king's assistance, and humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days suc-

cessively on a shoulder of mutton; and having given a dignified and rational explanation of his motives to the minister, went to a friend and borrowed a guinea. The story of his death having been occasioned by poisoning, it is to be hoped was but a party fable. It is certain, however, that he had been threatened with assassination. The corporation of Hull voted a sum for his funeral expences, and for an appropriate monument.

THE EMIGRANTS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In th' ocean's bosom unespy'd,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds receiv'd their song.

"What should we do, but sing His praise
That led us through the wat'ry maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!

"Where he the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.

"He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels every thing,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.

" He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

" Oh! let our voice his praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay."

Thus sung they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears,
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!

It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain:
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.
* * * * * * * *
Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning (I remember well),
Ty'd in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then: I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd.
This waxed tame while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so my idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot, and heart; and did invite
Me to its game; it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? O, I cannot be
Unkind t'a beast that loveth me.
Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.

But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk ahd sugar first
I it at my own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they:
It had so sweet a breath. And oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;

For in the flaxen lilies shade
It like a bank of lilies laid;
Upon the roses it would feed
Until its lips e'en seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.
* * * * * * *

YOUNG LOVE.

Come, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguil'd;
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
  Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
  For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take
  Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
  And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
  And if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate;
  Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating
  Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
  So all foreign claims to drown.

So to make all rivals vain,
  Now I crown thee with my love;
Crown me with thy love again,
  And we both shall monarchs prove.

THOMAS STANLEY.

BORN 1620.—DIED 1678.

Thomas Stanley, the learned editor of Æschylus, and author of the History of Philosophy. He made poetical versions of considerable neatness from Anacreon, Bion and Moschus, and the Kisses of Secundus. He also translated from Tristan, Marino, Boscan, and Gongora.

CELIA SINGING.

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrow'd ornament;
Nymphs in their wat'ry sphere that move,
Or angels in their orbs above;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night;
The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in a swifter motion run,
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less noise than Celia's breath in sleep.

But if the angel which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul (in) at the ear,

And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubim would chuse,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

SPEAKING AND KISSING.

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires while thou dost speak,
And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing ecstacy,
I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools, t' enquire
What numbers do the soul compose;
No harmony can life inspire,
But that which from these accents flows.

LA BELLE CONFIDANTE.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame,
Whose pale, weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name
And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create
An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness angels may admire,
But cannot emulate.

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
  Or make the lilies fade,
But all the subtle ways that death doth seek
  Cannot my love invade.

JOHN WILMOT,

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

BORN 1647.—DIED 1680.

SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart
  Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
  And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
  She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
  Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
  Should we live one day asunder.

SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
  You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
  'Twere madness not to love ye.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
  And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
  Betray a tender story.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

BORN 1612.—DIED 1680.

The merit of Hudibras, excellent as it is, certainly lies in its style and execution, and by no means in the structure of the story. The action of the poem as it stands, and interrupted as it is, occupies but three days; and it is clear from the opening line, "When civil dudgeon first grew high," that it was meant to bear date with the civil wars. Yet after two days and nights are completed, the poet skips at once, in the third part, to Oliver Cromwell's death, and then returns to retrieve his hero, and conduct him through the last canto. Before the third part of Hudibras appeared, a great space of time had elapsed since the publication of the first.

Charles II. had been fifteen years asleep on the throne, and Butler seems to have felt that the ridicule of the sectaries had grown a stale subject. The final interest of the piece, therefore, dwindles into the widow's repulse of Sir Hudibras, a topic which has been suspected to allude, not so much to the Presbyterians, as to the reigning monarch's dotage upon his mistresses.

HUDIBRAS, PART I. CANTO I.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why;
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore;
When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded;
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him mirror of knighthood,
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but chivalry,

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Knight worshipful on shoulder blade;
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or, for warrant;
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle;
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styl'd of War, as well as Peace:
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water)
But here our authors make a doubt
Whether he were more wise or stout:
Some hold the one, and some the other,
But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain:
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras;
For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write;
But they're mistaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was not such.
We grant, although he had much wit,
H' was very shy of using it,
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about:

Unless on holidays or so,
As men their best apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many that had not one word.
For Hebrew roots, although they're found
To flourish most in barren ground,
He had such plenty as suffic'd
To make some think him circumcis'd;
And truly so he was perhaps,
Not as a proselyte, but for claps.
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic:
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:

All this by syllogism true,
In mood and figure he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by;
Else when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,
In loftiness of sound, was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin;
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if h' had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent,
As if his stock would ne'er be spent:
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large;

For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.
In mathematics he was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater;
For he, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve by sines and tangents straight
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,
And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
He understood b' implicit faith:
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore;
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as words and terms could go;
All which he understood by rote,
And, as occasion serv'd, would quote:
No matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either said or sung.

His notions fitted things so well,
That which was which he could not tell,
But oftentimes mistook the one
For th' other, as great clerks have done.
He could reduce all things to acts,
And knew their natures by abstracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;
Where truth in person does appear,
Like words congeal'd in northern air.
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly:
In school-divinity as able
As he that hight Irrefragable;
A second Thomas, or, at once
To name them all, another Dunce:
Profound in all the Nominal
And Real ways beyond them all:
For he a rope of sand could twist
As tough as learned Sorbonist,
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for scull
That's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That's to be let unfurnished.
He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice;
As if Divinity had catch'd
The itch, on purpose to be scratch'd;
Or, like a mountebank, did wound
And stab herself with doubts profound,

Only to shew with how small pain
The sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Although by woful proof we find
They always leave a scar behind.
He knew the seat of Paradise,
Could tell in what degree it lies,
And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it
Below the moon, or else above it;
What Adam dreamt of, when his bride
Came from her closet in his side;
Whether the devil tempted her
By a High Dutch interpreter;
If either of them had a navel;
Who first made music malleable;
Whether the serpent, at the fall,
Had cloven feet, or none at all:
All this, without a gloss or comment,
He could unriddle in a moment,
In proper terms, such as men smatter,
When they throw out, and miss the matter.
For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;

And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow:
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin:
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum porridge;

Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so linkt,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not the outward:
That next of all we shall discuss;
Then listen, sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and die so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mix'd with grey.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the State's were made:
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfal:
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;

Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier:
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom, with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last:
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state,
Whose thread of life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever,
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
So learned Taliacotius, from
The brawny part of porter's bum,
Cut supplemental noses, which
Would last as long as parent breech,
But when the date of nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetic snout.
His back, or rather burthen, shew'd
As if it stoop'd with its own load:

For as Æneas bore his sire
Upon his shoulders through the fire,
Our knight did bear no less a pack
Of his own buttocks on his back;
Which now had almost got the upper-
Hand of his head for want of crupper:
To poise this equally, he bore
A paunch of the same bulk before,
Which still he had a special care
To keep well-cramm'd with thrifty fare;
As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,
Such as a country house affords;
With other victual, which anon
We farther shall dilate upon,
When of his hose we come to treat,
The cupboard where he kept his meat.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel-proof,
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Through they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood:
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,

That often tempted rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood,
And till they were storm'd, and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt:
And though knights errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate, they past,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write,
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal,
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table, some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat,
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts, or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We shou'd forget where we digress'd,

As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter to any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard, where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, 'twas so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft' had it ta'en possession,
And pris'ners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so,
As dwarfs upon knights errant do:

It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.
In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,
Two aged pistols he did stow,
Among the surplus of such meat
As in his hose he could not get:
These would inveigle rats with th' scent,
To forage when the cocks were bent,
And sometimes catch 'em with a snap,
As cleverly as the ablest trap:
They were upon hard duty still,
And ev'ry night stood centinel,
To guard th' magazine i' th' hose
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight,
From peaceful home, set forth to fight.
But first with nimble active force
He got on th' outside of his horse:
For having but one stirrup tied
T' his saddle on the further side,

It was so short, h' had much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' seat
With so much vigour, strength, and heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on tail and mane,
Which oft' he us'd instead of rein.
  But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that which bore our valiant bumkin.
The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,
With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall;
I wou'd say eye; for h' had but one,
As most agree, though some say none.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave, majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery he would bound
As if he griev'd to touch the ground;
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft;
And as that beast would kneel and stoop
(Some write) to take his rider up,

So Hudibras his ('tis well known)
Would often do to set him down.
We shall not need to say what lack
Of leather was upon his back;
For that was hidden under pad,
And breech of Knight gall'd full as bad:
His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd;
For underneath the skirt of pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel:
His draggling tail hung in the dirt,
Which on his rider he would flurt,
Still as his tender side he prick'd,
With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd;
For Hudibras wore but one spur,
As wisely knowing, could he stir
To active trot one side of 's horse,
The other would not hang an arse.
A Squire he had, whose name was Ralph,
That in th' adventure went his half,
Though writers, for more stately tone,
Do call him Ralpho, 'tis all one;
And when we can, with metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph:
(For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses)
An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by birth a tailor.
The mighty Tyrian queen, that gain'd,
With subtle shreds, a tract of land,

Did leave it with a castle fair
To his great ancestor, her heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd knights,
Fam'd for their faith and warlike fights
Against the bloody Cannibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire he had, as well
As the bold Trojan knight, seen hell,
Not with a counterfeited pass
Of golden bough, but true gold lace:
His knowledge was not far behind
The knight's, but of another kind,
And he another way came by 't:
Some call it Gifts, and some New-light:
A lib'ral art, that costs no pains
Of study, industry, or brains.
His wit was sent him for a token,
But in the carriage crack'd and broken;
Like commendation ninepence crook'd
With 'To and from my love' it look'd.
He ne'er consider'd it, as loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth,
And very wisely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth;
But as he got it freely, so
He spent it frank and freely too:
For saints themselves will sometimes be
Of gifts that cost them nothing free.
By means of this, with hem and cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,

He could deep mysteries unriddle,
As easily as thread a needle;
For as of vagabonds we say,
That they are ne'er beside their way,
Whate'er men speak by this new light,
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.
'Tis a dark lantern of the Spirit,
Which none see by but those that bear it;
A light that falls down from on high,
For spiritual trades to cozen by;
An *ignus fatuus*, that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches,
To make them dip themselves, and sound
For Christendom in dirty pond;
To dive, like wild fowl, for salvation,
And fish to catch regeneration.
This light inspires and plays upon
The nose of saint, like bagpipe drone,
And speaks through hollow empty soul,
As through a trunk, or whisp'ring hole,
Such language as no mortal ear
But spirit'al eavesdroppers can hear;
So Phœbus, or some friendly Muse,
Into small poets song infuse,
Which they at second-hand rehearse,
Through reed or bagpipe, verse for verse.
  Thus Ralph became infallible
As three or four-legg'd oracle,
The ancient cup, or modern chair;
Spoke truth point blank, though unaware.

For mystic learning, wondrous able
In magic, talisman, and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches;
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences;
And much of *Terra Incognita*,
Th' intelligible world, cou'd say;
A deep occult philosopher,
As learn'd as the wild Irish are,
Or Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd;
He Anthroposophus, and Floud,
And Jacob Behmen understood;
Knew many an amulet and charm,
That would do neither good nor harm;
In Rosycrucian lore as learned,
As he that *Verè adeptus* earned:
He understood the speech of birds
As well as they themselves do words;
Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,
That speak and think contrary clean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.
He'd extract numbers out of matter,
And keep them in a glass, like water,
Of sov'reign power to make men wise;
For, dropt in blear thick-sighted eyes,
They'd make them see in darkest night,
Like owls, though purblind in the light.

By help of these (as he profest)
He had First Matter seen undrest;
He took her naked, all alone,
Before one rag of form was on.
The Chaos, too, he had descry'd,
And seen quite through, or else he ly'd;
Not that of pasteboard, which men shew
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew;
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,
Whence that and Reformation came,
Both cousin-germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble;
But Reformation was, some say,
O' th' younger house to puppet-play.
He could foretel whats'ever was
By consequence to come to pass:
As death of great men, alterations,
Diseases, battles, inundations:
All this without th' eclipse of th' sun,
Or dreadful comet, he hath done
By inward light, a way as good,
And easy to be understood:
But with more lucky hit than those
That use to make the stars depose,
Like Knights o' th' Post, and falsely charge
Upon themselves what others forge;
As if they were consenting to
All mischiefs in the world men do;
Or, like the devil, did tempt and sway 'em
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robb'd a house below;
Examine Venus, and the Moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
And though they nothing will confess,
Yet by their very looks can guess,
And tell what guilty aspect bodes,
Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods;
They'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;
Make Mercury confess, and 'peach
Those thieves which he himself did teach.
They'll find, in th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies:
Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill,
Cast th' nativity o' th' question,
And from positions to be guest on,
As sure as if they knew the moment
Of Native's birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;
What gains or loses, hangs or saves;
What makes men great, what fools or knaves,
But not what wise, for only 'f those
The stars (they say) cannot dispose,

No more than can the astrologians:
There they say right, and like true Trojans.
This Ralpho knew, and therefore took
The other course, of which we spoke.
Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd
With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd:
Never did trusty squire with knight,
Or knight with squire, e'er jump more right.
Their arms and equipage did fit,
As well as virtues, parts, and wit:
Their valours, too, were of a rate;
And out they sally'd at the gate.
Few miles on horseback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a sad adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But ere we venture to unfold
Achievements so resolv'd and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse,
However critics count it sillier
Than jugglers talking too familiar;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, yet we shall pitch
On one that fits our purpose most,
Whom therefore thus do we accost.
Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write;

Who (as we find in sullen writs,
And cross-grain'd works of modern wits)
With vanity, opinion, want,
The wonder of the ignorant,
The praises of the author, penn'd
B' himself, or wit-insuring friend;
The itch of picture in the front,
With bays and equal rhyme upon't,
All that is left o' th' Forked hill
To make men scribble without skill;
Canst make a poet, spite of Fate,
And teach all people to translate,
Though out of languages in which
They understand no part of speech;
Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,
And I shall trouble thee no more.
In western clime there is a town,
To those that dwell therein well known,
Therefore there needs no more be said here,
We unto them refer our reader;
For brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not understood.
To this town people did repair
On days of market or of fair,
And to crack'd fiddle and hoarse tabor,
In merriment did drudge and labour;
But now a sport more formidable
Had rak'd together village rabble;
'Twas an old way of recreating,
Which learned butchers call Bear-baiting;

A bold advent'rous exercise,
With ancient heroes in high prize;
For authors do affirm it came
From Isthmian or Nemæan game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,
And round about the pole does make
A circle, like a bear at stake,
That at the chain's end wheels about,
And overturns the rabble-rout:
For after solemn proclamation
In the bear's name, (as is the fashion
According to the law of arms,
To keep men from inglorious harms)
That none presume to come so near
As forty foot of stake of bear,
If any yet be so fool-hardy,
T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy,
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No honour's got by such a maim,
Although the bear gain much, b'ing bound
In honour to make good his ground
When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,
If any press upon him, who 'tis,
But lets them know, at their own cost,
That he intends to keep his post.
This to prevent, and other harms,
Which always wait on feats of arms,
(For in the hurry of a fray
'Tis hard to keep out of harm's way)

Thither the knight his course did steer,
To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear,
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In conscience and commission too.

HUDIBRAS COMMENCING BATTLE WITH THE RABBLE, AND LEADING OFF CROWDERO PRISONER.

HUDIBRAS, PART I. CANTO II.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,
Vowing that he shou'd ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight;
But he, with petronel upheav'd,
Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd;
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back;

But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon:
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then reveng'd itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was val'ant'st:
For wood, with honour b'ing engag'd,
Is so implacably enrag'd,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tir'd in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amaz'd stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning slight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit, as sure as that below.
  Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;

Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood.
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them cou'd divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if he'd been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack,
Of Squire and baggage, from his back;
And blund'ring still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope;

This Talgol viewing, who had now
By flight escap'd the fatal blow,
He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearest foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound:
Like featherbed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours far'd as well
In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him:
He tore the earth, which he had sav'd
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,

And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It griev'd him to the guts that they,
For whom he 'd fought so many a fray,
And serv'd with loss of blood so long,
Shou'd offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him, till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chas'd;
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
  Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle, and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.

He spying Hudibras lie strow'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That, hurt i' th' ancle, lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle,
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be reveng'd, for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho, (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup)
Looking about, beheld pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed,
(As rats do from a falling house)
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he cou'd achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once,
And now 't was rais'd to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between:

He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of Sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare.
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodg'd within:

They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espous'd cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be dispos'd as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the Churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd;
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;
Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;

Although Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain 't;
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy if they 'ad their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He star'd about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is rais'd too high; this slave does merit
To be the hangman's bus'ness, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour

Of his destruction; I that am
A Nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring sword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?

VICARIOUS JUSTICE EXEMPLIFIED BY RALPHO IN THE CASE OF THE COBBLER THAT KILLED THE INDIAN.

FROM PART II. CANTO II.

JUSTICE gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes;
Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,

Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender;
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

HUDIBRAS CONSULTING THE LAWYER.

FROM PART III. CANTO III.

An old dull sot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *hiccius doctius* play'd in all;
Where in all governments and times,
He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent;

And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money:
Engag'd the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee:
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Impos'd a task on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend,
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties and his fees:

But was implacable and awkward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave man the Knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,
And found him mounted, in his pew,
With books and money plac'd, for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags to 've beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he 's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should beforehand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson!

Or, if 't is better to endite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant
In this case has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action?—Better still.
Then there 's a lady too—Ay, marry!
That 's easily prov'd accessary;
A widow, who by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combin'd with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
 Sir, (quoth the lawyer) not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim:

For if they 've us'd you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I 'd give
More than I 'll say, or you 'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I 'd make her kneel for better or worse:
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I 've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands;
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather,
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,
Because 't is to my purpose pat—

For Justice, though she 's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclin'd,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Conveys men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus;*
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again like *hiccius doctius.*
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to any thing you please,
That hardly get their mere expences
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that (quoth he) let me alone;
We 've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, (quoth he) but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;
And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;
And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's-Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,

Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel and their souls:'
And when ye 're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause
Against the weathergage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you 've earn'd (here 't is) your fee.

ISAAC WALTON.

BORN 1593.—DIED 1683.

Isaac Walton, who in the humble profession of a sempster in London had some of the most eminent men of his age for his intimate friends, was born at Stafford, and made his first settlement in London in a shop which was but seven feet and a half long and five feet wide. His favourite amusement was angling, on which he has left a treatise, together with some interesting biographical memoirs, which have been made well known by a modern and elegant edition.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice;
Sit here and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love:

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
Here hear my Kenna sing a song,
There see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest:
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love;
Or, with my Bryan[1] and my book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook:

There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to the grave.

[1] Probably his dog.

WENTWORTH DILLON,

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

BORN 16—.—DIED 1684.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was the maternal nephew of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford. He was born in Ireland, educated at Caen in Normandy, travelled into Italy, and, returning to England at the Restoration, was made a captain of the band of pensioners. "It may be remarked" (says Dr. Warton) "to the praise of Roscommon, that he was the first critic who had taste and spirit enough publicly to praise the Paradise Lost."

FROM AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

IMMODEST words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose:
Variety of such is to be found:
Take then a subject proper to expound;
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:

And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
  Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good:
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill:
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.
  On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:

A pure, an active, an auspicious flame;
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing
came:
But few, oh few souls, pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envied height.
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call!
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast:
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear:
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail, mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the
Muse!
What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.

Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There sweat, there strain; tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find;
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind:
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng:
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd.
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast;
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright;
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this through all disguises shew;
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd;
And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold.
Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thought you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.
Th' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait;
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables (and still the last)
Though gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,

Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.
 A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they slew:
His name struck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine star'd him in the face:

Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too:
In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.
I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse;
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes;
And panting, Lo! the God, the God, she cries:
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.

But, though we must obey when heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possest:
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These, nervous, bold; those, languid and remiss;
There cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

THOMAS OTWAY.

BORN 1651—DIED 1685.

CHAMONT'S SUSPICIONS OF HIS SISTER.

SCENE FROM THE ORPHAN.

Persons.—*Acasto, the guardian of Monimia; Monimia, and her brother Chamont.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, th' expected guests are just arriv'd.
Acas. Go you, and give them welcome and reception.
Cham. My lord, I stand in need of your assistance
In something that concerns my peace and honour.
Acas. Spoke like the son of that brave man I lov'd:
So freely friendly we convers'd together.
Whate'er it be with confidence impart it.
Thou shalt command my fortune and my sword.
Cham. I dare not doubt your friendship nor your justice.
Your bounty shewn to what I hold most dear,
My orphan sister, must not be forgotten!
Acas. Pr'ythee, no more of that; it grates my nature.
Cham. When our dear parents died, they died together,
One fate surpris'd them, and one grave receiv'd them:

My father with his dying breath bequeath'd
Her to my love: my mother, as she lay
Languishing by him, call'd me to her side,
Took me in her fainting arms, wept, and embrac'd me,
Then press'd me close, and as she observ'd my tears,
Kiss'd them away; said she, Chamont, my son,
By this, and all the love I ever shew'd thee,
Be careful of Monimia, watch her youth,
Let not her wants betray her to dishonour;
Perhaps kind heaven may raise some friend. Then sigh'd,
Kiss'd me again; so blest us and expir'd.
Pardon my grief.

Acas. It speaks an honest nature.

Cham. The friend heaven rais'd was you, you took her up,
An infant, to the desert world expos'd,
And prov'd another parent.

Acas. I've not wrong'd her.

Cham. Far be it from my fears.

Acas. Then why this argument?

Cham. My lord, my nature's jealous, and you'll bear it.

Acas. Go on.

Cham. Great spirits bear misfortunes hardly:
Good offices claim gratitude; and pride,
Where power is wanting, will usurp a little,
And make us (rather than be thought behind-hand)
Pay over-price.

Acas. I cannot guess your drift;
Distrust you me?
Cham. No, but I fear her weakness
May make her pay a debt at any rate;
And to deal freely with your lordship's goodness,
I've heard a story lately much disturbs me.
Acas. Then first charge her; and if the offence be found
Within my reach, though it should touch my nature,
In my own offspring, by the dear remembrance
Of thy brave father, whom my heart rejoic'd in,
I'd prosecute it with severest vengeance. [*Exit.*
Cham. I thank you from my soul.
Mon. Alas, my brother!
What have I done? and why do you abuse me?
My heart quakes in me; in your settled face
And clouded brow methinks I see my fate:
You will not kill me!
Cham. Pr'ythee, why dost talk so?
Mon. Look kindly on me, then. I cannot bear
Severity; it daunts, and does amaze me:
My heart's so tender, should you charge me rough
I should but weep, and answer you with sobbing.
But use me gently like a loving brother,
And search through all the secrets of my soul.
Cham. Fear nothing, I will shew myself a brother,
A tender, honest, and a loving brother.
You've not forgot our father?
Mon. I shall never.
Cham. Then you'll remember too, he was a man

That liv'd up to the standard of his honour,
And priz'd that jewel more than mines of wealth:
He'd not have done a shameful thing but once,
Though kept in darkness from the world, and hidden,
He could not have forgiven it to himself:
This was the only portion that he left us;
And I more glory in it, than if possess'd
Of all that ever fortune threw on fools.
'Twas a large trust, and must be manag'd nicely:
Now if by any chance, Monimia,
You have soil'd this gem, and taken from its value,
How will you account with me?

Mon. I challenge envy,
Malice, and all the practices of hell,
To censure all the actions of my past
Unhappy life, and taint me if they can!

Cham. I'll tell thee, then: three nights ago, as I
Lay musing in my bed, all darkness round me,
A sudden damp struck to my heart, cold sweat
Dew'd all my face, and trembling seiz'd my limbs:
My bed shook under me, the curtains started,
And to my tortur'd fancy there appear'd
The form of thee, thus beauteous as thou art,
Thy garments flowing loose, and in each hand
A wanton lover, who by turns caress'd thee
With all the freedom of unbounded pleasure:
I snatch'd my sword, and in the very moment
Darted at the phantom, straight it left me;
Then rose and call'd for lights, when, O dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,

Just where that famous tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

Mon. And for this cause my virtue is suspected!
Because in dreams your fancy has been ridden,
I must be tortur'd waking!

Cham. Have a care.
Labour not to be justified too fast:
Hear all, and then let justice hold the scale.
What follow'd was the riddle that confounds me:
Through a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
And meditated on the last night's vision,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold;
So there was nothing of a piece about her;
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of my way, which she inform'd me;
Then crav'd my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister: at that word I started.

Mon. The common cheat o' beggars every day!
They flock about our doors, pretend to gifts
Of prophecy, and telling fools their fortunes.

Cham. Oh! but she told me such a tale, Monimia,

As in it bore great circumstance of truth;
Castalio and Polydore, my sister.

Mon. Hah!

Cham. What, alter'd! does your courage fail you?
Now by my father's soul the witch was honest;
Answer me, if thou hast not lost to them
Thy honour at a sordid game.

Mon. I will,
I must, so hardly my misfortune loads me.
That both have offer'd me their loves, most true.—

Cham. And 'tis as true too, they have both undone thee.

Mon. Though they both with earnest vows
Have press'd my heart, if e'er in thought I yielded
To any but Castalio——

Cham. But Castalio!

Mon. Still will you cross the line of my discourse!
Yes, I confess that he has won my soul
By generous love, and honourable vows;
Which he this day appointed to complete,
And make himself by holy marriage mine.

Cham. Art thou then spotless? hast thou still preserv'd
Thy virtue white without a blot untainted?

Mon. When I'm unchaste, may heaven reject my prayers!
Or more, to make me wretched, may you know it!

Cham. Oh then, Monimia, art thou dearer to me
Than all the comforts ever yet bless'd man.
But let not marriage bait thee to thy ruin.

Trust not a man; we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee:
I charge thee let no more Castalio sooth thee:
Avoid it as thou wouldst preserve the peace
Of a poor brother, to whose soul thou'rt precious.

CHAMONT FINDING MONIMIA IN TEARS, DISCOVERING THE CAUSE OF HER GRIEF, AND REMONSTRATING WITH ACASTO.

FROM THE SAME.

Enter CHAMONT.

Cham. In tears, Monimia!
Mon. Whoe'er thou art,
Leave me alone to my belov'd despair.
Cham. Lift up thy eyes, and see who comes to cheer thee.
Tell me the story of thy wrongs, and then
See if my soul has rest 'till thou hast justice.
Mon. My brother!
Cham. Yes, Monimia, if thou think'st
That I deserve the name, I am thy brother.
* * * * * * * *
Mon. Oh, shouldst thou know the cause of my lamenting,
I'm satisfied, Chamont, that thou wouldst scorn me;
Thou wouldst despise the abject lost Monimia,
No more wouldst praise this hated beauty; but
When in some cell distracted, as I shall be,

Thou seest me lie; these unregarded locks
Matted like furies' tresses; my poor limbs
Chain'd to the ground, and 'stead of the delights
Which happy lovers taste, my keeper's stripes,
A bed of straw, and a coarse wooden dish
Of wretched sustenance; when thus thou seest me,
Pr'ythee, have charity and pity for me.
Let me enjoy this thought.

Cham. Why wilt thou rack
My soul so long, Monimia? ease me quickly;
Or thou wilt run me into madness first.

Mon. Could you be secret?

Cham. Secret as the grave.

Mon. But when I've told you, will you keep your fury
Within its bounds? Will you not do some rash
And horrid mischief? for indeed, Chamont,
You would not think how hardly I've been us'd
From a near friend: from one that has my soul
A slave, and therefore treats it like a tyrant.

* * * * * * * *

Cham. Go on!

Mon. He threw me from his breast,
Like a detested sin.

Cham. How?

Mon. As I hung too
Upon his knees, and begg'd to know the cause,
He dragg'd me like a slave upon the earth,
And had no pity on my cries.

Cham. How! did he
Dash thee disdainfully away with scorn?

Mon. He did; and, more, I fear, will ne'er be friends,
Though I still love him with unbated passion.
Cham. What, throw thee from him?
Mon. Yes, indeed he did.
Cham. So may this arm
Throw him to th' earth, like a dead dog despis'd;
Lameness and leprosy, blindness and lunacy,
Poverty, shame, pride, and the name of villain
Light on me, if, Castalio, I forgive thee.
* * * * * * * *

Enter ACASTO.

Acas. Sure some ill fate is towards me; in my house
I only meet with oddness and disorder;
Each vassal has a wild distracted face;
And looks as full of business as a blockhead
In times of danger: Just this very moment
I met Castalio———
Cham. Then you met a villain.
Acas. Hah!
Cham. Yes, a villain.
Acas. Have a care, young soldier,
How thou'rt too busy with Acasto's fame;
I have a sword, my arm's good old acquaintance.
Villain to thee——
Cham. Curse on thy scandalous age,
Which hinders me to rush upon thy throat,
And tear the root up of that curs'd bramble!
Acas. Ungrateful ruffian! sure my good old friend
Was ne'er thy father; nothing of him's in thee:
What have I done in my unhappy age,

To be thus us'd? I scorn to upbraid thee, boy,
But I could put thee in remembrance——

Cham. Do.

Acas. I scorn it——

Cham. No, I'll calmly hear the story,
For I would fain know all, to see which scale
Weighs most—Hah, is not that good old Acasto?
What have I done? Can you forgive this folly?

Acas. Why dost thou ask it?

Cham. 'Twas the rude o'erflowing
Of too much passion; pray, my lord, forgive me.
[*Kneels.*

Acas. Mock me not, youth; I can revenge a wrong.

Cham. I know it well; but for this thought of mine,
Pity a madman's frenzy, and forget it.

Acas. I will; but henceforth, pr'ythee be more kind. [*Raises him.*
Whence came the cause?

Cham. Indeed I've been to blame,
But I'll learn better; for you've been my father:
You've been her father too—
[*Takes* MONIMIA *by the hand.*

Acas. Forbear the prologue——
And let me know the substance of thy tale.

Cham. You took her up a little tender flower,
Just sprouted on a bank, which the next frost
Had nipp'd; and, with a careful loving hand,
Transplanted her into your own fair garden,
Where the sun always shines: There long she flourish'd,

Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye,
'Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.

Acas. You talk to me in parables; Chamont,
You may have known that I'm no wordy man;
Fine speeches are the instruments of knaves
Or fools, that use them, when they want good sense;
But honesty
Needs no disguise nor ornament; be plain.

Cham. Your son—

* * * * * * * *

Acas. How has Castalio wrong'd her?

Cham. Ask that of him: I say, my sister's wrong'd:
Monimia, my sister, born as high
And noble as Castalio——Do her justice,
Or, by the Gods, I'll lay a scene of blood,
Shall make this dwelling horrible to nature.
I'll do't; hark you, my lord, your son Castalio,
Take him to your closet, and there teach him manners.

BELVIDERA REVEALING TO HER FATHER THE SECRET OF THE CONSPIRACY.

FROM VENICE PRESERVED, ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PRIULI *solus.*

Pri. WHY, cruel heaven, have my unhappy days
Been lengthen'd to this sad one? Oh! dishonour
And deathless infamy are fallen upon me.
Was it my fault? Am I a traitor? No.

But then, my only child, my daughter, wedded;
There my best blood runs foul, and a disease
Incurable has seiz'd upon my memory,
To make it rot, and stink to after ages.
Curs'd be the fatal minute when I got her,
Or would that I'd been any thing but man,
And rais'd an issue which would ne'er have wrong'd
me.
The miserable creatures, man excepted,
Are not the less esteem'd, though their posterity
Degenerate from the virtues of their fathers;
The vilest beasts are happy in their offsprings,
While only man gets traitors, whores, and villains.
Curs'd be the names, and some swift blow from fate
Lay his head deep, where mine may be forgotten.

Enter BELVIDERA *in a long mourning veil.*

Bel. He's there, my father, my inhuman father,
That for three years has left an only child
Expos'd to all the outrages of fate,
And cruel ruin—oh!——

Pri. What child of sorrow
Art thou that com'st thus wrapp'd in weeds of sad-
ness,
And mov'st as if thy steps were towards a grave?

Bel. A wretch, who from the very top of happiness
Am fallen into the lowest depths of misery,
And want your pitying hand to raise me up.

Pri. Indeed thou talk'st as thou hadst tasted sor-
rows;
Would I could help thee.

Bel. 'Tis greatly in your power:
The world too speaks you charitable; and I,
Who ne'er ask'd alms before, in that dear hope
Am come a begging to you, sir.

Pri. For what?

Bel. Oh, well regard me; is this voice a strange one?
Consider too, when beggars once pretend
A case like mine, no little will content them.

Pri. What wouldst thou beg for?

Bel. Pity and forgiveness. [*Throws up her veil.*
By the kind tender names of child and father,
Hear my complaints, and take me to your love.

Pri. My daughter?

Bel. Yes, your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms. By all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me; in my face behold
The lineaments of hers you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.

Pri. Thou art my daughter.

Bel. Yes—and you've oft told me,
With smiles of love, and chaste paternal kisses,
I'd much resemblance of my mother.

Pri. Oh!
Hadst thou inherited her matchless virtues
I had been too bless'd.

Bel. Nay, do not call to memory
My disobedience, but let pity enter

Into your heart, and quite deface the impression.
For could you think how mine's perplex'd, what sadness,
Fears, and despairs distract the peace within me,
Oh! you would take me in your dear dear arms,
Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
To shelter me with a protecting wing
From the black gather'd storm, that's just, just breaking.

Pri. Don't talk thus.

Bel. Yes, I must, and you must hear too.
I have a husband.

Pri. Damn him.

Bel. Oh! do not curse him;
He would not speak so hard a word towards you
On any terms, howe'er he deal with me.

Pri. Hah! what means my child?

Bel. Oh! there's but this short moment
'Twixt me and fate: yet send me not with curses
Down to my grave; afford me one kind blessing
Before we part: just take me in your arms,
And recommend me with a prayer to heaven,
That I may die in peace; and when I'm dead——

Pri. How my soul's catch'd!

Bel. Lay me, I beg you, lay me
By the dear ashes of my tender mother.
She would have pitied me, had fate yet spar'd her.

Pri. By heaven, my aching heart forebodes much mischief:
Tell me thy story, for I'm still thy father.

Bel. No, I'm contented.
Pri. Speak.
Bel. No matter.
Pri. Tell me.
By yon bless'd heaven, my heart runs o'er with fondness.
Bel. Oh!
Pri. Utter it.
Bel. Oh my husband, my dear husband
Carries a dagger in his once kind bosom,
To pierce the heart of your poor Belvidera.
Pri. Kill thee!
Bel. Yes, kill me. When he pass'd his faith
And covenant against your state and senate,
He gave me up as hostage for his truth:
With me a dagger, and a dire commission,
Whene'er he fail'd, to plunge it through this bosom.
I learnt the danger, chose the hour of love
T' attempt his heart, and bring it back to honour.
Great love prevail'd, and bless'd me with success;
He came, confess'd, betrayed his dearest friends,
For promis'd mercy. Now they're doom'd to suffer.
Gall'd with remembrance of what then was sworn,
If they are lost, he vows to appease the gods
With this poor life, and make my blood the atonement.
Pri. Heavens!
Bel. Think you saw what past at our last parting;
Think you beheld him like a raging lion,
Pacing the earth, and tearing up his steps,

Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
Of burning fury; think you saw one hand
Fix'd on my throat, whilst the extended other
Grasp'd a keen threatening dagger: Oh! 'twas thus
We last embrac'd; when, trembling with revenge,
He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosom
Presented horrid death; cried out, My friends!
Where are my friends? swore, wept, rag'd, threaten'd, lov'd.
For yet he lov'd, and that dear love preserv'd me
To this last trial of a father's pity.
I fear not death, but cannot bear a thought
That that dear hand should do the unfriendly office.
If I was ever then your care, now hear me;
Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
Of his dear friends, ere mine be made the sacrifice.

Pri. Oh, my heart's comfort!

Bel. Will you not, my father?
Weep not, but answer me.

Pri. By heaven, I will.
Not one of them but what shall be immortal.
Canst thou forgive me all my follies past,
I'll henceforth be indeed a father; never,
Never more thus expose, but cherish thee,
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life:
Dear as these eyes that weep in fondness o'er thee.
Peace to thy heart. Farewell.

Bel. Go, and remember
'Tis Belvidera's life her father pleads for.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ANONYMOUS.

SONG.

FROM THE LOYAL GARLAND[1]. EDIT. 1685.

BEAUTY and Love fell once at odds,
And thus revil'd each other:
Quoth Love, I am one of the gods,
And thou wait'st on my mother;
Thou hadst no power on man at all
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are you longer sweet, or fair,
Than men acknowledge me.

Away, fond boy, then Beauty cried,
We know that thou art blind;
And men of nobler parts they can
Our graces better find:
'Twas I begot the mortal snow,
And kindled men's desires;
I made thy quiver and thy bow,
And wings to fan thy fires.

[1] These extracts from the Loyal Garland have been placed among the Specimens according to the date of the edition. Most of the poetry in that miscellany is of a much older date.

Cupid in anger flung away,
And thus to Vulcan pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish his proud maid.
So ever since Beauty has been
But courted for an hour;
To love a day is held a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

SONG. TYRANNIC LOVE.

FROM THE SAME.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
While bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
From whose fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he shew'd:
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires,
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing shaft from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the victor is and free.

SEAMAN'S SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

O'er the rolling waves we go,
Where the stormy winds do blow,
To quell with fire and sword the foe
  That dares give us vexation.
Sailing to each foreign shore,
Despising hardships we endure,
Wealth we often do bring o'er,
  That does enrich the nation.

Noble-hearted seamen are,
Those that do no labour spare,
Nor no danger shun or fear
  To do their country pleasure.
In loyalty they do abound,
Nothing base in them is found;
But they bravely stand their ground
  In calm and stormy weather.

In their love and constancy
None above them e'er can be;
As the maidens daily see,
  Who are by seamen courted:
Nothing for them is too good
That is found in land or flood;
Nor with better flesh and blood
  Has any ever sported.

N. HOOK

Of Trinity-college, Cambridge, published a volume of poems of the date 1685.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED AMANDA.

I have an eye for her that's fair,
An ear for her that sings;
Yet don't I care for golden hair,
I scorn the portion lech'ry brings
To bawdy Beauty. I'm a churl,
And hate, though a melodious girl,
Her that is nought but air.

I have a heart for her that's kind,
A lip for her that smiles;
But if her mind be like the wind,
I'd rather foot it twenty miles.
* * * * * * *

Is thy voice mellow, is it smart?
Art Venus for thy beauty?
If kind, and tart, and chaste thou art,
I'm bound to do thee duty.
Though, pretty Mall or bonny Kate,
Hast thou one hair adulterate,
I'm blind, and deaf, and out of heart.

Amanda, thou art kind, well bred,
Harmonious, sweetly kind;
If thou wilt wed my virgin bed,
And taste my love, thou'rt to my mind;
Take hands, lips, heart, and eyes,
All are too mean a sacrifice.



PHILIP AYRES

PUBLISHED Lyric Poems, dated 1687, London.



TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHY, little charmer of the air,
Dost thou in music spend the morn,
While I thus languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn?
Why dost thou sing and hear me cry?
Tell, wanton songster, tell me why.
* * * * * *

Great to the ear, though small to sight,
The happy lover's dear delight;
Fly to the bowers where such are laid,
And there bestow thy serenade:
Haste thee from sorrow, haste away,
Alas, there's danger in thy stay,

Lest hearing me so oft complain
Should make thee change thy cheerful strain.
* * * * * * *

Then cease, thou charmer of the air,
No more in music spend the morn
With me that languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn;
And do not this poor boon deny,
I ask but silence while I die.

ON THE SIGHT OF HIS MISTRESS'S HOUSE.

FROM THE SAME.

To view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone;
Whence joy and peace are influenc'd on me,
For 'tis the temple of my deity.

As nights and days an anxious wretch by stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his wealth,
So to this house, that keeps from me my heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.

EDMUND WALLER.

BORN 1605.—DIED 1687.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shews 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heav'n her note she
fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
* * * * * * * *
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find,
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.

So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:
The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

ON MY LADY DOROTHY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame!
The matchless Sydney, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With such extremes of excellence, compose
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flow'rs through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practis'd what he taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

AT PENSHURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their deities, this sacred shade
Had held an altar to her pow'r that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroider'd so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where Nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre.
If she sit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well marshall'd and obsequious band.
Amphion so made stones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
And in the symmetry of her parts is found
A pow'r like that of harmony in sound.
Ye lofty beeches! tell this matchless dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!—
Go, boy, and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,

That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love;
His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE APPLIED.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flow'ry meads;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All but the nymph that should redress his wrong
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus, thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bow'rs
With loud complaints, they answer me in show'rs.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is giv'n,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sydney? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of am'rous Sydney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the Spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock,
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion: now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;

While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advis'd me: "on yon aged tree
" Hang up my lute, and hie thee to the sea,
" That there with wonders thy diverted mind
" Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief into the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which heav'n has heap'd on her.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow too finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry passion but fond love
Unto its own redress does move;

But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be controll'd),
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed opprest
Not kneeling did salute the beast,
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
  Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them opprest
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,

And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
  All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pity'd now.
  So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE.

Such moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?

Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the
ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Resolv'd my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heav'n endure.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.
It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!
A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose:
I pluck'd it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
  What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
  When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 'tis so rockless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there borne.

Sweetness, truth, and ev'ry grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy;

Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less,
  Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
  Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for ev'ry thing
  Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
  And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
  Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
  Which Phœbus through his veins has shot

Too late he would the pain assuage,
  And to thick shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
  And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
  Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
  The vow I made—to love you too.

THE NIGHT-PIECE, OR A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
  Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
  As the bright stars and milky way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
  While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
  Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
  Yet friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:

He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.
So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

THE NAVAL GLORY OF ENGLAND.

FROM VERSES ON A WAR WITH SPAIN.

Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,
And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky
Our oaks secure as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

CHARLES COTTON.

BORN 1630.—DIED 1687.

There is a careless and happy humour in this poet's Voyage to Ireland, which seems to anticipate the manner of Anstey, in the Bath Guide. The tasteless indelicacy of his parody of the Æneid has found but too many admirers. His imitations of Lucian betray the grossest misconception of humorous effect, when he attempts to burlesque that which is ludicrous already. He was acquainted with French and Italian, and among several works from the former language, translated the Horace of Corneille, and Montaigne's Essays.

The father of Cotton is described by Lord Clarendon as an accomplished and honourable man, who was driven by domestic afflictions to habits which rendered his age less reverenced than his youth, and made his best friends wish that he had not lived so long. From him our poet inherited an encumbered estate, with a disposition to extravagance little calculated to improve it. After having studied at Cambridge and returned from his travels abroad, he married the daughter of Sir Thomas Owthorp, in Nottinghamshire. He went to Ireland as a captain in the army, but of his military progress nothing is recorded. Having embraced the

soldier's life merely as a shift in distress, he was not likely to pursue it with much ambition. It was probably in Ireland that he met with his second wife, Mary Countess Dowager of Ardglass, the widow of Lord Cornwall. She had a jointure of 1500*l.* a year, secured from his imprudent management. He died insolvent, at Westminster. One of his favourite recreations was angling; and his house, which was situated on the Dove, a fine trout stream which divides the counties of Derby and Stafford, was the frequent resort of his friend Isaac Walton. There he built a fishing-house, "Piscatoribus sacrum," with the initials of honest Isaac's name and his own united in cyphers over the door. The walls were painted with fishing-scenes, and the portraits of Cotton and Walton were upon the beaufet.

A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

CANTO I.

THE lives of frail men are compar'd by the sages
Or unto short journies, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is, to their ends, (to be plain in my matter);
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folks so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;

Truth is, in my youth I was one of those people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high
steeple,
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th'
Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventur'd my
neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And thought there was nothing so pleasant and
brave;
But at forty years old you may (if you please)
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;
Or, had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose:
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me, for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blam'd
If I went to the place whereof Nick was asham'd.
Oh Coriate! thou traveller fam'd as Ulysses,
In such a stupendous labour as this is,
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,
Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet,
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation.
'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,
And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flower'd tabby gown,

When about some two hours and an half after noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it
too soon,
With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tun'd up my pipes to sing, "*loth to depart;*"
The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument endorse,
Till he groan'd and he f—d under the burthen,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden:
And now farewel Dove, where I've caught such brave
dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scal'd fishes;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.
By pacing and trotting betimes in the even,
Ere the Sun had forsaken one half of the Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and his queen:
But who do you think came to welcome me there?
No worse a man, marry, than good master mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was not
lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he
came;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
Put on a good nightcap, and straightway to bed.

Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and
bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly taken,
(For her king (as 'twas rumour'd) by late pouring
down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)
We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid ere we met with a biding;
But there (having over night plied the tap well)
We now must needs water at place call'd Holmes
Chapel:
" A hay!" quoth the foremost, " ho! who keeps the
house?"
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd been,
A cravat with black ribbon ty'd under his chin;
Though by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to
fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his
ear.
Quoth he (with low congé) " What lack you, my
lord?"
" The best liquor," quoth I, " that the house will
afford."
" You shall straight," quoth he; and then calls out,
" Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary."
" Hold, hold, my spruce host! for i' th' morning so
early,
I never drink liquor but what's made of barley."

Which words were scarce out, but, which made me
admire,
My lordship was presently turn'd into 'squire:
"Ale, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly
again,
"What, must it be purl'd?"—"No, I love it best
plain."
"Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to the
price;
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle."
"Why, faith," quoth I, "friend, if your liquor be
such,
For the best ale in England, it is not too much:
Let's have it, and quickly."—"O sir! you may stay;
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in his life."
Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
A curtsey she made, as demure as a sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her:
Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will't please you
walk in?"
I thank'd her; but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away.

She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that road,
I would stay there a night, she assur'd me the
nation
Should nowhere afford better accommodation:
Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,
And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;
But I show'd him a screw, which I told my brisk
gull
A trepan was for bottles had broken their scull;
Which, as it was true, he believ'd without doubt,
But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the cork
out.
Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smok'd, like a new fir'd gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
Mine host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no
fuller:
"Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap and for
colour,
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do't;
I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich, to
boot."
By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good
years,
And have drank so much liquor has made me a
debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better:

We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt away
roundly;
And then I conceiv'd it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we staid t'other
noggin.
From thence we set forth with more mettle and
spright,
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light;
O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted:
In truth, we pursu'd might have been by our haste,
And I think Sir George Booth did not gallop so
fast,
Till about two o'clock after noon, God be blest,
We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' west.
And now in high time 'twas to call for some
meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must
eat;
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, mistress Anderton, for a good woman,
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a
common;
And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his pains.
And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should she
choose;

And if I should farther here spur on my course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my
horse:
To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even,
To-morrow to church, and ask pardon of Heaven.
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have penn'd
it,
An odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend it:
But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have t'other bout,
And better or worse be't, for murder will out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the
story.

CANTO II.

After seven hours' sleep, to commute for pains
taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken;
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such
spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
Which, ringing to matins all over the town,
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the
choir,
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire;
For the two fore-nam'd things had so heated my
blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good:

I sent for chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not be call'd twice,
But tilted stiletto quite thorough the vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain;
When having twelve ounces, he bound up my arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him no
harm:
But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood;
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter;
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner:
I din'd with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer;
When myself having stuff'd than a bagpipe more
full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull;
And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it best,
For when belly full is, bones would be at rest:
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O! the delicious dream that I had!
Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now wak'd me again, chiming all in to vespers;
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were
grizzle;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my
sword,
Resolv'd now to go and attend on the word.

Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly
within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been
A most humble obedient servant to sin:
And now in devotion was even so proud,
I scorned (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my pace,
As 't were, scorning to kneel but in the best place.
I there made myself sure of good music at least,
But was something deceiv'd, for 'twas none of the
best:
But however, I staid at the church's commanding
Till we came to the "peace passes all understanding,"
Which no sooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like boys in a school when they've leave got to
play;
All save master mayor, who still gravely stays
Till the rest had left room for his worship and's
mace:
Then he and his brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall, and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.

In this rev'rend order we marched from pray'r;
The mace before me borne as well as the may'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,

Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days:
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my
fist,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was
kist;
By which, though thick-skull'd, he must understand
this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceiv'd both b' his gesture and look)
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway ap-
pointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on
crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper:
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind in-
vitation;
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands.
Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander:
And since on such reasons to sup I refus'd,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excus'd;
But my quaint repartée had his worship possest
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,

That with mere impatience he hop'd in his breeches
To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches:
" Go, sirrah!" quoth he, " get you to him again,
And will and require, in his majesty's name,
That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West-
Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet minc'd his message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me only, " Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and
protest,
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his bum,
Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
With that I perceiv'd no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a flail,
I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
And therefore desir'd him to lead me the way.
We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear,
(For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were
there;
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the
stairs,
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a mayor's:
But every thing else must be highly commended.
I there found his worship most nobly attended,
Besides such a supper as well did convince,
A may'r in his province to be a great prince:

As he sat in his chair, he did not much vary,
In state nor in face, from our eighth English
Harry;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that.
Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like
One of those little gentlemen brought from the
Indies,
And screwing myself into congés and cringes,
By then I was half way advanc'd in the room,
His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet
me,
Advanc'd a whole step and an half for to meet me;
Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
I thank'd him in language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.
Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observa-
tion,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station;
So sweet mistress may'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the
other;
By which I perceiv'd, though it seemed a riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle:
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would
mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.

But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'ress complain'd that the pottage was
cold;
"And all long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she.
"Why, what then, Goody Two-Shoes, what if it be?
"Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth
he.
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th'
discourse,
The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse.
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year:
However 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault:
But this brush being past, we fell to our diet,
And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.

Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore making me draw something nearer his
chair,
He will'd and requir'd me there to declare
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me
thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither:

Giving me caution, no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip, he should certainly trap me.
I answer'd, my country was fam'd Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire;
That of land I had both sorts, some good, and some evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That, indeed, I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o' th' bench, whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more study'd than arts,
And was now to a captain rais'd by my deserts;
That the bus'ness which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was, whither now I was bound;
Where his worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,
And in all other places wherever I came.
He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist;
When having my fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for some bottles and pipes.

To trouble you here with a longer narration
Of the several parts of our confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,

Where, doubtless, the acts of the may'rs are re-
corded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.
In short, then, we pip'd and we tippled Canary,
Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary;
When thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart;
And because to great men presents are acceptable,
I presented the may'r, ere I rose from the table,
With a certain fantastical box and a stopper;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning.

CANTO III.

The Sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
The casement being open, espy'd me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I wak'd,
And was half asham'd, for I found myself nak'd;
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipp'd to horse, and
away.
A guide I had got, who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:

Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his
charges;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest:
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
And by these the true colour one can no more
know,
Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin
below.
Now such as the beast was, even such was the
rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat:
Even such was my guide and his beast; let them
pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.
But now with our horses, what sound and what
rotten,
Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten;
And there we were told, it concern'd us to ride,
Unless we did mean to encounter the tide;

And then my guide lab'ring with heels and with
hands,
With two up and one down, hopp'd over the sands,
Till his horse, finding the labour for three legs too
sore,
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four:
And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,
Dry-shod we came where folks sometimes take
shipping;
And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring, t' have hinder'd our journey to Flint;
But we, by good luck, before him got thither,
He else would have carried us, no man knows
whither.

And now her in Wales is, saint Taph be her speed,
Gott splutter her taste, some Welsh ale her had
need;
For her ride in great haste, and * * * * *
For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a louse,
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his
house;
But in a small house near unto't there was store
Of such ale as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welsh are not wise of their fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we
came,
My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,

O'er hills and o'er valleys uncouth and uneven,
Until 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven,
More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
We happily came to St. Winifred's well:
I thought it the pool of Bethesda had been,
By the cripples lay there; but I went to my inn
To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
Before I did farther proceed in devotion:
I went into th' kitchen, where victuals I saw,
Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw;
And some on't alive, but it soon went to slaughter,
For four chickens were slain by my dame and her
daughter;
Of which to saint Win. ere my vows I had paid,
They said I should find a rare fricasée made:
I thank'd them, and straight to the well did repair,
Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r;
Some dressing, some stripping, some out and some
in,
Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen;
Of which some were fevers of Venus I'm sure,
And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure:
But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,
The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright;
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
Her conscience, her name, nor herself, were more
clear.
In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with
light,

Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
Which I wonder has 'scaped master Oliver's hands;
The floor's not ill pav'd, and the margin o' th' spring
Is enclos'd with a certain octagonal ring;
From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
To support and uphold from falling to ground
A cupola wherewith the virgin is crown'd.
Now 'twixt the two angles that fork to the north,
And where the cold nymph does her bason pour forth,
Under ground is a place where they bathe, as 'tis said,
And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth hack in their head;
For you are to know, that the rogues and the * *
Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.
But one thing I chiefly admir'd in the place,
That a saint and a virgin endu'd with such grace,
Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer
To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills:
I've study'd that point much, you cannot guess why,
But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous than I.

And now for my welcome, four, five, or six lasses,
With as many crystalline liberal glasses,
Did all importune me to drink of the water
Of Saint Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to
choose,
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,
From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite;
I took the glass from her, and, whip, off it went,
I half doubt I fancy'd a health to the saint:
But he was a great villain committed the slaughter,
For St. Winifred made most delicate water.
I slipp'd a hard shilling into her soft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have
profan'd;
And giving two more to the poor that were there,
Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
I never ate better meat, that I can tell;
When having half din'd, there comes in my host,
A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast:
This man, by his drinking, inflamed the Scot,
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot;
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own life,
And one thing, that he had converted his wife.
But now my guide told me, it time was to go,
For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted:

On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,
Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in;
For underneath Neptune lay skulking to watch us,
And, had we but slipp'd once, was ready to catch
us.
Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed:
Redland Castle and Abergoney we past,
And o'er against Connoway came at the last:
Just over against a castle there stood,
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a
wood;
'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high
water
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape
being drowned:
Perhaps though in time one may make them to
yield,
But 'tis pretti'st Cob-castle e'er I beheld.
The Sun now was going t' unharness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the
weeds,
Came in as good time as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea;
And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
O'er god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft;

Where scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the port,
Where another King's Head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the crown.

DR. HENRY MORE.

BORN 1614.—DIED 1687.

Dr. Henry More was the son of a respectable gentleman at Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He spent the better part of a long and intensely studious life at Cambridge, refusing even the mastership of his college, and several offers of preferment in the church, for the sake of unbroken leisure and retirement. In 1640 he composed his Psychozoia, or Life of the Soul, which he afterwards republished with other pieces, in a volume entitled Philosophical Poems. Before the appearance of the former work he had studied the Platonic writers and mystic divines, till his frame had become emaciated, and his faculties had been strained to such enthusiasm, that he began to talk of holding supernatural communications, and imagined that his body exhaled the perfume of violets. With the exception of these innocent reveries, his life and literary character were highly respectable. He corresponded with Des Cartes, was the friend of Cudworth, and as a

divine and moralist was not only popular in his own time, but has been mentioned with admiration both by Addison and Blair. In the heat of rebellion he was spared even by the fanatics, who, though he refused to take the covenant, left him to dream with Plato in his academic bower. As a poet he has woven together a singular texture of Gothic fancy and Greek philosophy, and made the Christiano-Platonic system of metaphysics a ground-work for the fables of the nursery. His versification, though he tells us that he was won to the Muses in his childhood by the melody of Spenser, is but a faint echo of the Spenserian tune. In fancy he is dark and lethargic. Yet his Psychozoia is not a common-place production: a certain solemnity and earnestness in his tone leaves an impression that he "*believed the magic wonders which he sung.*" His poetry is not, indeed, like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite.

THE PRE-EXISTENCY OF THE SOUL.

RISE then, Aristo's son, assist my Muse;
Let that high sprite which did enrich thy brains
With choice conceits, some worthy thoughts infuse
Worthy thy title and the reader's pains.
And thou, O Lycian sage! whose pen contains

Treasures of heavenly light with gentle fire,
Give leave awhile to warm me at thy flames,
That I may also kindle sweet desire
In holy minds that unto highest things aspire.

For I would sing the pre-existency
Of human souls, and live once o'er again,
By recollection and quick memory,
All that is past since first we all began;
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point, and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter. But thou, more than man,
Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear,
Tell me what mortals are—tell what of old they
were.

A spark or ray of the divinity,
Clouded with earthy fogs, yclad in clay,
A precious drop sunk from eternity,
Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away;
For then we fell when we 'gan first t'assay,
By stealth of our own selves, something to been
Uncentering ourselves from our great stay,
Which fondly we new liberty did ween,
And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves did
deem.

* * * * * * * * *

Shew fitly how the pre-existent soul
Enacts and enters bodies here below,

And then entire unhurt can leave this moul,
And thence her airy vehicle can draw,
In which by sense and motion they may know,
Better than we, what things transacted be
Upon the earth, and when they list may show
Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasie
Moulding their airy orb to gross consistency.
* * * * * * *

Wherefore the soul possess'd of matter meet,
If she hath power to operate thereon,
Can eath transform this vehicle to sight,
Dight with due colour figuration,
Can speak, can walk, and then dispear anon,
Spreading herself in the dispersed air,
Then, if she please, recall again what's gone:
Those th' uncouth mysteries of fancy are—
Than thunder far more strong, more quick than lightning far.

Some heaving toward this strange activity
We may observe ev'n in this mortal state;
Here health and sickness of the phantasie
Often proceed, which working minds create,
And pox and pestilence do malleate,
Their thoughts still beating on those objects ill,
Which doth the master'd blood contaminate,
And with foul poisonous impressions fill,
And last, the precious life with deadly dolour kill.
* * * * * * * * *

All these declare the force of phantasie,
Though working here upon this stubborn clay;
But th' airy vehicle yields more easily,
Unto her beck more nimbly doth obey,
Which truth the joint confessions bewray
Of damned hags and masters of bold skill,
Whose hellish mysteries fully to display,
The earth would groan, trees sigh, and horror all
o'erspill.

But he that out of darkness giveth light,
He guide my steps in this so uncouth way;
And ill-done deeds by children of the night
Convert to good, while I shall hence assay
The noble soul's condition ope to lay,
And shew her empire on her airy sphere,
By what of sprites and spectres stories say;
For sprites and spectres that by night appear
Be or all with the soul, or of a nature near.

Up then, renowned wizard, hermit sage,
That twice ten years didst in the desert won,
With sprites conversing in thy hermitage,
Since thou of mortals didst the commerce shun;
Well seen in these foul deeds that have foredone
Many a bold wit. Up, Marcus, tell again
That story to thy Thrax, who has thee won
To Christian faith; the guise and haunts explain
Of all air-trampling ghosts that in the world re-
main.

There be six sort of sprites: Lelurion
Is the first kind, the next are nam'd from air;
The first aloft, yet far beneath the moon,
The other in this lower region fare;
The third terrestrial, the fourth watery are;
The fifth be subterranean; the last
And worst, light-hating ghosts, more cruel far
Than bear or wolf with hunger hard oppress'd,
But doltish yet, and dull, like an unwieldy beast.
* * * * * * * *

Cameleon-like they thus their colour change,
And size contract, and then dilate again,
Like the soft earth-worm hurt by heedless chance,
Shrinks in herself to shun or ease her pain.
Nor do they only thus themselves constrain
Into less bulk, but if with courage bold,
And flaming brand, thou strike these shades in twain
Close quick as cloven air. So sang that wizard old.

And truth he said, whatever he has told,
As even this present age may verify,
If any lists its stories to unfold,
Of Hugo, of hobgoblins, of incubi,
Abhorred dugs by devils sucken dry;
Of leaping lamps, and of fierce flying stones,
Of living wool and such like witchery;
Or prov'd by sight or self-confessions,
Which things much credence gain to past traditions.

Wherefore with boldness we will now relate
Some few in brief; as of th' Astorgan lad
Whose peevish mother, in fell ire and hate,
With execration bold, the devil bad
Take him alive. Which mood the boy n'ote bear,
But quits the room—walks out, with spirit sad,
Into the court, where lo! by night appear
Two giants with grim looks, rough limbs, black grisly hair.

* * * * * * * * *

The walking skeleton in Bolonia,
Laden with rattling chains, that shew'd his grave
To the watchful student, who without dismay
Bid tell his wants and speak what he would have,
Thus cleared he the house by courage brave.
Nor may I pass the fair Cerdinian maid
Whose love a jolly swain did kindly crave,
And oft with mutual solace with her staid,
Yet he no jolly swain, but a deceitful shade.

* * * * * * * *

In arctic climes an isle that Thulé hight,
Famous for snowy monts, whose hoary heads
Sure sign of cold; yet from their fiery feet
They strike out burning stones with thunders dread,
And all the land with smoke and ashes spread;
Here wand'ring ghosts themselves have often shewn,
As if it were the region of the dead,

And met departed, met with whom they've known,
In seemly sort shake hands, and ancient friendship
own.

A world of wonders hither might be thrown
Of sprites and spectres, as that frequent noise
Oft heard upon the plain of Marathon,
Of neighing horses and of martial boys;
The Greek the Persian nightly here destroys
In hot assault embroil'd in a long war;
Four hundred years did last those dreadful toys,
As doth by Attic records plain appear,
The seeds of hate by death so little slaked are.

GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

BORN 1636.—DIED 1688.

George Etheridge first distinguished himself among the libertine wits of the age by his "Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub." He afterwards gained a more deserved distinction in the comic drama by his "Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter," a character which has been the model of all succeeding stage petit maitres. By his wit he obtained a rich widow and the title of knighthood, and, what was ill suited to his dissolute habits, the appointment of

plenipotentiary at Ratisbon. At that place he had occasion to give a convivial party to some friends, of whom George was politely taking his leave at the door of his house, but having drank freely, he had the misfortune to conclude the entertainment by falling down stairs and breaking his neck.

SONG.

FROM LOVE IN A TUB.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then wrack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

SONG.

FROM THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

Not the phœnix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,

And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath;
But O, marriage makes the spell,
And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin-beauties of the skies,
When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail and cut their mast,
Shine not welcome as her eyes;
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me I wrack.

Then for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
That benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire;
But O no, for if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze, I die.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

Fine young folly, though you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart;
For we courtiers learn at school
Only with your sex to fool;
You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh, and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye,
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Strait some murder doth commit;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to shew my wit.

Therefore, madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud;
For in sooth I much do doubt
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your clothes that set you out.

Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow I love in jest,
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am,
Bedlam! this is pretty sport.

SONG.

Tell me no more I am deceiv'd
While Sylvia seems so kind,
And takes such care to be believ'd,
The cheat I fear to find.

To flatter me should falsehood lie
Conceal'd in her soft youth,
A thousand times I'd rather die
Than see th' unhappy truth.

My love all malice shall outbrave,
Let fops in libels rail;
If she th' appearances will save,
No scandal can prevail.

She makes me think I have her heart,
How much for that is due;
Though she but act the tender part,
The joy she gives is true.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

BORN 1635.—DIED 1688.

Thomas Flatman, an imitator of Cowley, who had also a respectable talent for painting. Granger says that one of his heads is worth a ream of his poems.

FOR THOUGHTS.

FROM POEMS AND SONGS.

THOUGHTS! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

When I retire and flee
The busy throngs of company
To hug myself in privacy,
O the discourse, the pleasant talk
'Twixt us, my thoughts, along a lonely walk.

You like the stupifying wine,
The dying malefactors sip,
With shivering lip,
T' abate the rigour of their doom
By a less troublous cut to their long home,
Make me slight crosses though they piled up lie,
All by th' enchantments of an ecstasy.

Do I desire to see
The throne and majesty
Of that proud one,
Brother and uncle to the stars and sun,
Those can conduct me where such joys reside,
And waft me cross the main, sans wind and tide.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
My thoughts, my thoughts can lay
A shining track there to,
And nimbly fleeting go;
Through all th' eleven orbs can shove away;
These too like Jacob's ladder are,
A most angelic thoroughfare.

The wealth that shines
In the oriental mines,
Those sparkling gems, which nature keeps
Within her cabinet the deeps,
The verdant fields,
The rarities the rich world yields,
Rare structures, whose each gilded spire
Glimmers like lightning, which while men admire
They deem the neighb'ring sky on fire:
These can I gaze upon, and glut mine eyes
With myriads of varieties,
As on the front of Pisgah I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics spy.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence ne'er can divorce
Our mutual amity,
Or lay so damn'd a curse
As non-addresses 'twixt my thoughts and me;

For though I sigh in irons they
Use their old freedom, readily obey,
And when my bosom friends desert me stay.

Come, then, my darlings, I'll embrace
My privilege; make known
The high prerogative I own
By making all allurements give you place;
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full quivers of my destiny.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

How happy a thing were a wedding,
And a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelvemonth and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for aye,
Till she grow as gray as a cat,
Good faith, Mr. Parson, excuse me for that.

APHRA BEHN.

DIED 1689.

This authoress of many plays, novels, and poems, was the daughter of a Mr. Johnson, who died on his passage to Surinam, of which he had been appointed governor. His family however reached the settlement, and there our poetess became acquainted with the famous Indian chief Oroonoko, whose story she has related in one of her novels. On her return to England she married Mr. Behn, a London merchant. After his death the court of Charles II. employed her to send over intelligence from Antwerp respecting the Dutch, and by the aid of her lover Vander Albert she gave them a most important warning of De Ruyter's intended descent upon the English coast; but she was treated with ingratitude by the government, and on returning to England was left to subsist by her gallantry and her pen.

SONG

IN THE FARCE OF THE EMPEROR OF THE MOON.

A curse upon that faithless maid
Who first her sex's liberty betray'd;
Born free as man to love and range,
Till nobler nature did to custom change;

Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtue to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all wanton, gay and young,
Shews by his wings he cannot be
Confined to artless slavery;
But here and there at random roves,
Not fixt to glittering courts or shady groves.

Then she that constancy profess'd
Was but a well dissembler at the best;
And that imaginary sway
She seem'd to give in feigning to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art
To deal with greater liberty her heart.



NATHANIEL LEE.

DIED 1691.



Many of the Bedlam witticisms of this unfortunate man have been recorded by those who can derive mirth from the most humiliating shape of human calamity. His rant and turgidity as a writer are proverbial; but those who have witnessed justice done to the acting of his Theodosius must have felt that he had some powers in the pathetic. He was

the son of a clergyman in Hertfordshire. He was bred at Westminster, under Dr. Busby, and became a scholar on the foundation at Trinity-college, Cambridge. From thence he came to London, and attempted the profession of an actor. The part which he performed was Duncan, in Sir William Davenant's alteration of Macbeth. He was completely unsuccessful. "Yet Lee," says Cibber, "was so pathetic a reader of his own scenes, that I have been informed by an actor who was present, that while Lee was reading to Major Mohun at a rehearsal, Mohun, in the warmth of his admiration, threw down his part and said, 'Unless I were able to play it as well as you read it, to what purpose should I undertake it?' And yet," continues the laureate, "this very author, whose elocution raised such admiration in so capital an actor, when he attempted to be an actor himself soon quitted the stage in an honest despair of ever making any profitable figure there." Failing in this object, he became a writer for the stage, and his first tragedy of Nero, which came out in 1675, was favourably received. In the nine subsequent years of his life he produced as many plays of his own, and assisted Dryden in two; at the end of which period an hereditary taint of madness, aggravated by habits of dissipation, obliged him to be consigned for four years to the receptacle at Bethlem. He recovered the use of his faculties so far as to compose two pieces, the Princess of Cleves, and the Massacre of Paris: but with all the profits

of his invention his circumstances were so reduced that a weekly stipend of ten shillings was his principal support towards the close of his life, and to the last he was not free from occasional derangement.

FROM THEODOSIUS, OR THE FORCE OF LOVE.

The characters in the following scenes are Varanes, a Persian prince, who comes to visit the Emperor Theodosius; Aranthes, his confident; Leontine, the prince's tutor; and Athenais, daughter of that philosopher, with whom Varanes is in love. Her father Leontine, jealous for his daughter's honour, brings his royal pupil to an explanation respecting his designs towards Athenais; and Varanes, in a moment of rash pride, at the instigation of Aranthes, spurns at the idea of marrying the philosopher's daughter and sharing with her the throne of Cyrus. Athenais however is seen by the Emperor Theodosius, who himself offers her his hand. The repentance of Varanes for her loss, and the despair of Athenais, form the catastrophe of the tragedy.

Leon. So, Athenais; now our compliment
To the young Persian prince is at an end;
What then remains, but that we take our leave,
And bid him everlastingly farewell?
Athen. My lord!
Leon. I say, that decency requires
We should be gone, nor can you stay with honour.
Athen. Most true, my lord.
Leon. The court is now at peace,
The emperor's sisters are retir'd for ever,
And he himself compos'd; what hinders then,
But that we bid adieu to prince Varanes?

Athen. Ah, sir, why will you break my heart?
Leon. I would not;
Thou art the only comfort of my age;
Like an old tree I stand among the storms,
Thou art the only limb that I have left me,
My dear green branch; and how I prize thee, child,
Heaven only knows! Why dost thou kneel and weep?
Athen. Because you are so good, and will, I hope,
Forgive my fault, who first occasioned it.
Leon. I charg'd thee to receive and hear the prince.
Athen. You did, and, oh, my lord! I heard too much!
Too much, I fear, for my eternal quiet.
Leon. Rise, Athenais! Credit him who bears
More years than thou: Varanes has deceived thee.
Athen. How do we differ then! You judge the prince
Impious and base; while I take heav'n to witness,
I think him the most virtuous of men:
Therefore take heed, my lord, how you accuse him,
Before you make the trial.—Alas, Varanes,
If thou art false, there's no such thing on earth
As solid goodness or substantial honour.—
A thousand times, my lord, he has sworn to give me
(And I believe his oaths) his crown and empire,
That day I make him master of my heart.
Leon. That day he'll make thee mistress of his power,

Which carries a foul name among the vulgar.
No, Athenais! let me see thee dead,
Borne a pale corpse, and gently laid in earth,
So I may say, she's chaste, and died a virgin,
Rather than view thee with these wounded eyes
Seated upon the throne of Isdigerdes,
The blast of common tongues, the nobles' scorn,
Thy father's curse; that is, * * * * * *

Athen. O horrid supposition! how I detest it,
Be witness, heaven, that sees my secret thoughts!
Have I for this, my lord, been taught by you
The nicest justice, and severest virtue,
To fear no death, to know the end of life,
And, with long search, discern the highest good?
No, Athenais! when the day beholds thee
So scandalously rais'd, pride cast thee down,
The scorn of honour, and the people's prey!
No, cruel Leontine, not to redeem
That aged head from the descending ax,
Not, though I saw thy trembling body rack'd,
Thy wrinkles about thee fill'd with blood,
Would I for empire, to the man I love,
Be made the object of unlawful pleasure.

Leon. O greatly said! and by the blood which warms me,
Which runs as rich as any Athens holds,
It would improve the virtue of the world,
If every day a thousand votaries,
And thousand virgins came from far to hear thee.

Athen. Look down, ye pow'rs, take notice we obey

The rigid principles ye have infus'd!
Yet oh, my noble father, to convince you,
Since you will have it so, propose a marriage;
Though with the thought I'm covered o'er with blushes.
Not that I doubt the prince, that were to doubt
The heavens themselves; I know he is all truth:
But modesty,
The virgin's troublesome and constant guest,
That, that alone forbids.

Leon. I wish to heav'n
There prove no greater bar to my belief.
Behold the prince; I will retire a while,
And, when occasion calls, come to thy aid.

[*Exit* LEON.

Enter VARANES *and* ARANTHES.

Vara. To fix her on the throne, to me, seems little;
Were I a god, yet would I raise her higher,
This is the nature of thy prince: But, oh!
As to the world, thy judgment soars above me,
And I am dar'd with this gigantic honour.
Glory forbids her prospect to a crown,
Nor must she gaze that way; my haughty soul,
That day when she ascends the throne of Cyrus,
Will leave my body pale, and to the stars
Retire in blushes, lost, quite lost for ever.

Aran. What do you purpose then?

Vara. I know not what:
But, see, she comes, the glory of my arms,
Enter ATHENAIS.
The only business of my instant thought,
My soul's best joy, and all my true repose!—
I swear I cannot bear these strange desires,
These strong impulses, which will shortly leave me
Dead at thy feet.
Athen. What have you found, my lord,
In me so harsh or cruel, that you fear
To speak your griefs?
Vara. First let me kneel and swear,
And on thy hand seal my religious vow,
Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
Swept from the book of fame, forgotten ever,
If I prefer thee not, O Athenais,
To all the Persian greatness!
Athen. I believe you;
For I have heard you swear as much before.
Vara. Hast thou? O why then did I swear again!
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion.
Athen. O rise, my lord!
Vara. I will do every thing
Which Athenais bids: If there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whisper it, oh some god, into my ear!
And on her breasts thus to her listening soul
I'll breathe the inspiration! Wilt thou not speak?

What, but one sigh, no more! Can that suffice
For all my vast expense of prodigal love?
O, Athenais! what shall I say or do,
To gain the thing I wish?

Athen. What's that, my lord?

Vara. Thus to approach thee still! thus to behold thee.
Yet there is more—

Athen. My lord, I dare not hear you.

Vara. Why dost thou frown at what thou dost not know?
'Tis an imagination which ne'er pierc'd thee;
Yet, as 'tis ravishing, 'tis full of honour.

Athen. I must not doubt you, sir: But oh I tremble
To think if Isdigerdes should behold you,
Should hear you thus protesting to a maid
Of no degree, but virtue, in the world—

Vara. No more of this, no more; for I disdain
All pomp when thou art by; far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way!
Free as the forest-birds, we'll pair together,
Without rememb'ring who our fathers were;
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flow'ry meads,
And in soft murmurs interchange our souls;
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields,
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

Athen. Ah, prince; no more!
Forbear, forbear to charm me,
Since I am doom'd to leave you, sir, for ever.
Vara. Hold, Athenais—
Athen. I know your royal temper,
And that high honour reigns within your breast,
Which would disdain to waste so many hours
With one of humble blood compar'd to you,
Unless strong passion sway'd your thoughts to love her;
Therefore receive, oh prince, and take it kindly,
For none on earth but you could win it from me,
Receive the gift of my eternal love!
'Tis all I can bestow, nor is it little;
For sure a heart so coldly chaste as mine,
No charms but yours, my lord, could e'er have warm'd.
Vara. Well have you made amends, by this last comfort,
For the cold dart you shot at me before.
For this last goodness, O my Athenais!
(For now, methinks, I ought to call you mine)
I empty all my soul in thanks before you:
Yet oh! one fear remains, like death it chills me:
Why my relenting love did talk of parting!
Athen. Look there, and cease your wonder; I have sworn
To obey my father, and he calls me hence.

Enter LEONTINE.

Vara. Ha, Leontine! by which of all my actions
Have I so deeply injur'd thee, to merit
The smartest wound revenge could form to end me?
Leon. Answer me now, O prince; for virtue prompts me,
And honesty will dally now no longer:
What can the end of all this passion be?
Glory requires this strict account, and asks
What you intend at last to Athenais?
Vara. How, Leontine!
Leon. You saw her, sir, at Athens; said you lov'd her;
I charg'd her humbly to receive the honour,
And hear your passion: Has she not, sir, obey'd me?
Vara. She has, I thank the gods! but whither would'st thou?
Leon. Having resolv'd to visit Theodosius,
You swore you would not go without my daughter,
Whereon I gave command that she should follow.
Vara. Yes, Leontine, my old remembrancer,
Most learn'd of all philosophers, you did.
Leon. Thus long she has attended, you have seen her,
Sounded her virtues and her imperfections;
Therefore, dread sir, forgive this bolder charge,
Which honour sounds, and now let me demand you—

Vara. Now help, Aranthes, or I'm dash'd for ever.

Aran. Whatever happens, sir, disdain the marriage.

Leon. Can your high thoughts so far forget themselves,
To admit this humble virgin for your bride?

Vara. Ha!

Athen. He blushes, gods! and stammers at the question.

Leon. Why do you walk, and chafe yourself, my lord?
The business is not much.

Vara. How, Leontine!
Not much? I know that she deserves a crown;
Yet 'tis to reason much, though not to love;
And sure the world would blush to see the daughter
Of a philosopher on the throne of Cyrus.

Athen. Undone for ever!

Leon. Is this your answer, sir?

Vara. Why dost thou urge me thus, and push me to
The very brink of glory? where, alas!
I look and tremble at the vast descent:
Yet even there, to the vast bottom down,
My rash adventurous love would have me leap,
And grasp my Athenais with my ruin.

Leon. 'Tis well, my lord.

Vara. Why dost thou thus provoke me?

I thought that Persia's court had store of honour
To satisfy the height of thy ambition.
Besides, old man, my love is too well grown,
To want a tutor for his good behaviour;
What he will do, he will do of himself,
And not be taught by you.—

Leon. I know he will not:
Fond tears, away! I know, I know he will not;
But he would buy with his old man's preferment
My daughter * * * *

Vara. Away, I say, my soul disdains the motion!

Leon. The motion of a marriage; yes, I see it;
Your angry looks and haughty words betray it:
I found it at the first. I thank you, sir,
You have at last rewarded your old tutor
For all his cares, his watchings, services;
Yet, let me tell you, sir, this humble maid,
This daughter of a poor philosopher,
Shall, if she please, be seated on a throne
As high as that of the immortal Cyrus.

Vara. I think that age and deep philosophy
Have crack'd thy brain: Farewell, old Leontine,
Retire to rest; and when this brawling humour
Is rock'd asleep, I'll meet my Athenais,
And clear the accounts of love, which thou hast blotted. [*Exit.*

Leon. Old Leontine! perhaps I am mad indeed.
But hold, my heart, and let that solid virtue,
Which I so long ador'd, still keep the reins.

O Athenais! But I will not chide thee:
Fate is in all our actions, and, methinks,
At least a father judges so, it has
Rebuk'd thee smartly for thy easiness:
There is a kind of mournful eloquence
In thy dumb grief, which shames all clamorous
sorrow.

Athen. Alas! my breast is full of death; methinks
I fear ev'n you—

Leon. Why shouldst thou fear thy father?

Athen. Because you have the figure of a man!
Is there, O speak, a possibility
To be forgiven?

Leon. Thy father does forgive thee,
And honour will; but on this hard condition,
Never to see him more—

Athen. See him! Oh heavens!

Leon. Unless it be, my daughter, to upbraid him:
Not though he should repent and straight return,
Nay, proffer thee his crown—No more of that.
Honour too cries revenge, revenge thy wrongs;
Revenge thyself, revenge thy injur'd father;
For 'tis revenge so wise, so glorious too,
As all the world shall praise.

Athen. O give me leave,
For yet I am all tenderness: the woman,
The weak, the mild, the fond, the coward woman,
Dares not look forth; but runs about my breast,
And visits all the warmer mansions there,

Where she so oft has harbour'd false Varanes!
Cruel Varanes! false, forsworn Varanes!

Leon. Is this forgetting him? Is this the course
Which honour bids thee take?

Athen. Ah, sir, allow
A little time for love to make his way;
Hardly he won the place, and many sighs,
And many tears, and thousand oaths it cost him;
And, oh! I find he will not be dislodged
Without a groan at parting hence for ever.
No, no! he vows he will not yet be raz'd
Without whole floods of grief at his farewel,
Which thus I sacrifice! and oh, I swear,
Had he proved true, I would as easily
Have emptied all my blood, and died to serve him,
As now I shed these drops, or vent these sighs,
To shew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him.

Leon. No woman sure, but thou, so low in fortune,
Therefore the nobler is thy fair example,
Would thus have griev'd, because a prince ador'd her;
Nor will it be believ'd in after-times,
That there was ever such a maid in being;
Yet do I still advise, preserve thy virtue;
And since he does disdain thee for his bride,
Scorn thou to be——

Athen. Hold, sir, oh hold, forbear,
For my nice soul abhors the very sound;
Yet with the shame of that, and the desire

Of an immortal name, I am inspir'd:
All kinder thoughts are fled for ever from me,
All tenderness, as if I ne'er had lov'd,
Has left my bosom colder than the grave.

THOMAS SHADWELL.

Thomas Shadwell, the laureate of William III. and the Mac Flecknoe of Dryden, was born 1640, and died 1691. Rochester said of him, that if he had burnt all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet. He left seventeen plays, besides other poems.

FROM THE RAPE, OR INNOCENT IMPOSTORS.

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue:
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

But oh! the torment to discern
A perjur'd lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still love on.

How strangely are we fool'd by fate,
Who tread the maze of love;
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DIED 1695.

Henry Vaughan was a Welsh gentleman, born on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, who was bred to the law, but relinquished it for the profession of physic. He is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit; but he has some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages like wild flowers on a barren heath.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

FROM SILEX SCINTILLANS, OR SACRED POEMS.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun;

Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures: note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries: the first, world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shrowd in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styl'd their star; the stone and hidden food:
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may:
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE TIMBER.

FROM THE SAME.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
  Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Past o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
  Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
  Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
  While the low violet thrives at their root.
*   *   *   *   *   *   *

THE RAINBOW.

FROM THE SAME.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry;

When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tye
Of thy Lord's hand, the object[1] of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.
* * * * * * * *

THE WREATH. (TO THE REDEEMER).

FROM THE SAME.

Since I in storms most us'd to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude barren hours?

The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore:

[1] Genesis, ch. ix. ver. 16.

But a twin'd wreath of grief and praise,
  Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
  This day I bring for all thy pain,
Thy causeless pain*; and as sad death,
  Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
O not in vain! now beg thy breath,
Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears
  Through saddest clouds to that glad place
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
  Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

JOHN DRYDEN.

BORN 1631.—DIED 1700.

CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

FROM ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs, and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;

Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the state.
To compass this the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke;
Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.

Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

CHARACTER OF ZIMRI.

FROM THE SAME.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate.

He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

CHARACTERS OF DOEG AND OG—THE POETS SETTLE AND SHADWELL.

FROM THE SAME.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, heroically mad:
He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
But fagoted his notions as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
For still there goes some thinking to ill nature:
He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
He means you no more mischief than a parrot:
The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter them in verse is all his trade.

For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother,
And call young Absalom king David's brother.
Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant;
Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
This animal's below committing treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel?
That's a preferment for Achitophel.

Og from a treason-tavern rolling home,
Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue:
A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curst him;
And, if man could have reason, none has more,
That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel?
But though heaven made him poor, with reverence
speaking,
He never was a poet of God's making;
The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull:

Drink, swear and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen!
Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane;
Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:
Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
  Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
  Mov'd with the heaven majestic pace;
  Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;

Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd, at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

* * * * * * * *

O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy?

Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
  This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all:
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.
* * * * * * * *

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
  To raise the nations under ground;
  When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
  And there the last assizes keep,
  For those who wake, and those who sleep:
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
  And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

DESCRIPTION OF LYCURGUS KING OF THRACE, AND OF EMETRIUS KING OF INDE.

FROM THE FABLE OF PALAMON AND ARCITE.

A HUNDRED knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale;
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail.
Some wore a breast-plate and a light juppon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison:
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use,
Of folded hides; and other shields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.

Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grappling for the bear:
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way;
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.
To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
His saddle was of gold, with emerald set.
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun:

His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TOURNAMENT IN PALAMON AND ARCITE.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May:
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given, the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the heaven was heard a shouting cry,
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights, and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field.
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet:
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold:
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.

Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance:
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.
The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands;
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst: the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk:
Factious, and favouring this or t'other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide:
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;

His double-biting axe and beamy spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind:
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There, for the two contending knights he sent;
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent.
He smil'd on both, and with superior look
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side, to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king at arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd.
Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace, and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree!
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills, not death should terminate their strife;
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life:
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,

Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With short'ned sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear,
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.
The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around.
The marching troops through Athens take their way.
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread;
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side:

Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
The guards and them each other overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron God.
At that self-moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found:

Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature fix'd; so proud an equipage:
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

FROM CYMON AND IPHIGENIA.

In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And every grace, and all the loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from her birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue bless'd.
But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir;
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape, and outward shew,
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error, as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;

The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by floundering in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A squire among the swains, and pleas'd with banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight, a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not much to pray.
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of thought.
By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood;

And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymar;
Her bosom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their places were but signify'd.
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testify'd surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night;

Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gathered in a globe the beams were fix'd.
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heaven and earth, and roll'd around the
year.
So reason in his brutal soul began,
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

FROM THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but scarcely printed lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood;
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen;
And, seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:

The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass,
The well-united sods so closely lay,
And all around the shades defended it from day;
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That nature seem'd to vary the delight,
And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy-lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell,
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlour made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy;
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising grain,
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight,
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight;
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odours were of power to raise from death.

Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there;
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe,
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
  Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh;
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gaudy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,
Still pecking as she pass'd, and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew;
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul, and pleas'd my ear.
  Her short performance was no sooner tried,
When she I sought, the nightingale, replied:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung;
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood intranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'er-power'd with ecstasy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of paradise.
At length I wak'd, and, looking round the bower,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flower,
If any where by chance I might espy
The rural poet of the melody,
For still methought she sung not far away;
At last I found her on a laurel spray.

Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight;
Full in a line against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd,
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
  On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long,
(Sitting was more convenient for the song),
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove;
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And every note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing, were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd;
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place:
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown;
Pleasures which nowhere else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
  Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground;
An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire,
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind;
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the sons of heaven to rebel.

I pass their form, and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase;
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind:
In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around;
Their hoods and sleeves the same, and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp; their long descending train,
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the plain;
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green on their fair foreheads plac'd;
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more,
And wreaths of Agnus castus others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honour than the rest.
They danc'd around; but in the midst was seen
A lady of a more majestic mien,
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.

She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servants' eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And, as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;

And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold inclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show;
A branch of Agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command):
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd, a roundelay she sung,
In honour of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear:
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Replied, and bore the burden of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
  Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

BORN 1639.—DIED 1701.

Sir Charles Sedley in his riper years made some atonement for the disgraces of a licentious youth, by his political conduct in opposing the arbitrary measures of James, and promoting the Revolution. King James had seduced his daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester. "For making my daughter a countess," said Sedley, "I have helped to make his daughter a queen." When his comedy of Bellamira was played, the roof fell in, and he was one of the very few that were hurt by the accident. A flatterer told him that the fire of the play had blown up the poet, house, and all. "No," he replied, "the play was so heavy that it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

SONG IN BELLAMIRA, OR THE MISTRESS.

Thyrsis, unjustly you complain,
  And tax my tender heart
With want of pity for your pain,
  Or sense of your desert.

By secret and mysterious springs,
  Alas! our passions move;
We women are fantastic things,
  That like before we love.

You may be handsome and have wit,
  Be secret and well bred,
The person love must to us fit,
  He only can succeed.

Some die, yet never are believed;
  Others we trust too soon,
Helping ourselves to be deceiv'd,
  And proud to be undone.

SONG.

Ah Chloris! could I now but sit
  As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
  No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
  And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought the rising fire
  Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
  Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
  Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;
To make a beauty, she.

SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather toss'd;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear,
In a more cruel shape.

By such decrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

SONG.

Phillis, you have enough enjoy'd
The pleasures of disdain;
Methinks your pride should now be cloy'd,
And grow itself again:
Open to love your long-shut breast,
And entertain its sweetest guest.

Love heals the wound that Beauty gives,
And can ill usage slight;
He laughs at all that Fate contrives,
Full of his own delight:

We in his chains are happier far,
Than kings themselves without 'em are.

Leave, then, to tame philosophy
The joys of quietness;
With me into love's empire fly,
And taste my happiness,
Where even tears and sighs can shew
Pleasures the cruel never know.
* * * * * * *

COSMELIA'S charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in Nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastenbury thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at threescore;
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If e'er, in eager hopes of bliss,
Within her arms you fall,
The plaster'd fair returns the kiss,
Like Thisbe—through a wall.

JOHN POMFRET.

BORN 1667.—DIED 1703.

JOHN POMFRET was minister of Malden, in Bedfordshire. He died of the small-pox in his thirty-sixth year. It is asked, in Mr. Southey's Specimens of English Poetry, why Pomfret's Choice is the most popular poem in the English language: it might have been demanded with equal propriety, why London bridge is built of Parian marble.

FROM REASON, A POEM.

CUSTOM, the world's great idol, we adore;
And knowing this, we seek to know no more.
What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil'd the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit faith a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals?
Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.

We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections bind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamin'd principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once remov'd, will smooth the way to truth:
To dispossess the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that liv'd long since, our passage stay?

What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage with vast esteem we prize:
He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real knowledge stay'd
With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right?
But what resembles truth is soon descry'd,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:
But yet what's worse, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?

Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'Tis all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
But truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

THOMAS BROWN.

DIED 1704.

Thomas, usually called Tom Brown, was the son of a farmer at Shipnel, in Shropshire, was for some time a schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, but left the ungenial vocation for the life of a wit and author, in London. He was a good linguist, and seems to have rather wasted than wanted talent.*

SONG.

Wine, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripes the grape,
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him,
When by noon we're at height;

They steal wine, who take it
 When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines;
The higher he rises
 The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
 As their maker declines.

CHARLES SACKVILLE,

EARL OF DORSET.

BORN 1637.—DIED 1706.

Charles Sackville was the direct descendant of the great Thomas Lord Buckhurst. Of his youth it is disgraceful enough to say, that he was the companion of Rochester and Sedley; but his maturer life, like that of Sedley, was illustrated by public spirit, and his fortune enabled him to be a beneficent friend to men of genius. In 1665, while Earl of Buckhurst, he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and finished his well-known song, "*To all you ladies now at land,*" on the day before the sea-fight in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. He was soon after made a gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles II. and sent on short embassies to France. From James II. he also received some

favourable notice, but joined in the opposition to his innovations, and, with some other lords, appeared at Westminster Hall to countenance the bishops upon their trial. Before this period he had succeeded to the estate and title of the Earl of Middlesex, his uncle, as well as to those of his father, the Earl of Dorset. Having concurred in the Revolution, he was rewarded by William with the office of lord-chamberlain of the household, and with the order of the garter; but his attendance on the king eventually hastened his death, for being exposed in an open boat with his majesty, during sixteen hours of severe weather, on the coast of Holland, his health was irrecoverably injured. The point and sprightliness of Dorset's pieces entitle him to some remembrance, though they leave not a slender apology for the groveling adulation that was shewn to him by Dryden in his dedications.

SONG.

Written at Sea, in the first Dutch War, 1665, the Night before an Engagement.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you;
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
   And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
   To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
      With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
   Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
   By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
      With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
   Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
   Than e'er they us'd of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
      With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
   Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
   And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
      With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
  To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
  Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
    With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
  And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
  Some pity from your tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
    With a fa, la, la, la, la.

SONG.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
  United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
  Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer gentler joy,
  Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
  That runs his link full in your face.

GEORGE STEPNEY.

BORN 1663.—DIED 1707.

George Stepney was the youthful friend of Montague, Earl of Halifax, and owed his preferments to that nobleman. It appears, from his verses on the burning of Monmouth's picture, that his first attachment was to the tory interest, but he left them in sufficient time to be rewarded as a partisan by the whigs, and was nominated to several foreign embassies. In this capacity he went successively to the Imperial Court, to that of Saxony, Poland, and the States General; and in all his negotiations is said to have been successful. Some of his political tracts remain in Lord Somers's collection. As a poet, Dr. Johnson justly characterizes him as equally deficient in the grace of wit and the vigour of nature.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

ENGLISHED FROM A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Bright Star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of Love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;

Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
  Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night
Defrauded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph I'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

JOHN PHILIPS.

BORN 1676.—DIED 1708.

The fame of this poet (says the grave doctor of the last century), will endure as long as Blenheim is remembered, or cider drunk in England. He might have added, as long as tobacco shall be smoked: for Philips has written more meritoriously about the Indian weed, than about his native apple; and his Muse appears to be more in her element amidst the smoke of the pipe than of the battle.

His father was archdeacon of Salop, and minister of Bampton, in Oxfordshire, where the poet was born. He was educated at Winchester, and afterwards at Cambridge. He intended to have followed the profession of physic, and delighted in the study

of natural history, but seems to have relinquished scientific pursuits when the reputation of his Splendid Shilling, about the year 1703, introduced him to the patronage of Bolingbroke, at whose request, and in whose house, he wrote, his poem on the battle of Blenheim. This, like his succeeding poem on Cider, was extravagantly praised. Philips had the merit of studying and admiring Milton, but he never could imitate him without ludicrous effect, either in jest or earnest. His Splendid Shilling is the earliest, and one of the best of our parodies; but Blenheim is as completely a burlesque upon Milton as the Splendid Shilling, though it was written and read with gravity. In describing his hero, Marlborough, stepping out of Queen Anne's drawing-room, he unconsciously carries the mock heroic to perfection, when he says,

"His plumy crest
Nods horrible. With more terrific port
He walks, and seems already in the fight."

Yet such are the fluctuations of taste, that contemporary criticism bowed with solemn admiration over his Miltonic cadences. He was meditating a still more formidable poem on the Day of Judgment, when his life was prematurely terminated by a consumption.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

" . . . . Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff;
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he

O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvorian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings

Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and, eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays

Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

WILLIAM WALSH.

BORN 1663.—DIED 1709.

WILLIAM WALSH was knight for his native county, Worcestershire, in several parliaments, and gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne, under the Duke of Somerset. Though a friend to the Revolution, he was kind to Dryden, who praised him, as Pope must have done, merely from the motive of personal gratitude; for except his encouragement of the early genius of Pope, he seems to have no claim to remembrance.

SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow:
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest.

How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

ANONYMOUS.

HOLLA, MY FANCY, WHITHER WILT THOU GO?

From a Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scots Poems
Ed. 1709.

In melancholy Fancie,
Out of myself,
In the Vulcan dancie,
All the world surveying.
No where staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the top of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees, and valleys, tripping,
Out o'er the ocean, seas, without an oar or shipping:
Holla, my Fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapours;
Why the clouds benight us,
And affright us,
Whilst we travel here below.

Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder;
And what the lightnings be that rent the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are on which we gaze with wonder:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Fain would I know the reason
Why the little ant
All the summer season
Layeth up provision,
On condition
To know no winter's want;
And how these housewives that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful,
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Ships, ships, I will descry you
Amidst the main;
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting.
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
And third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me.
All the world's a gadding,
Running, madding;
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth;
So every man his plot and counterplot deviseth:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Look, look, what bustling
Here do I espy;
Here another justling,
Every one turmoiling,
The other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head because he's out of fashion,
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Amidst the foamy ocean
Fain would I know
What doth cause the motion,
And returning,
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve;
And how these little fishes that swim beneath salt
water,

Do never blind their eyes, methinks it is a matter
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

Fain would I be resolved
How things were done,
And where bull was calved
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is
That works to the man in the moon.
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly,
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly,
And where fair Cynthia makes her assemblies nightly:
Holla, my Fancy, &c.

ON A WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

FROM THE SAME.

I LOV'D thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.
Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;

Yea, if thou had remain'd thy own,
I might perhaps have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere enthral;
And then how I could but disdain,
A captive's captive to remain.
When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
No constancy, to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go,
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no pray'rs to say
To such as must to others pray.
Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost.
The height of my disdain shall be
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging at a beggar's door.

THE CHURCH-BUILDER.

From Poems for the October Club. Lond. 1711.

A WRETCH had committed all manner of evil,
And was justly afraid of death and the devil;
Being touch'd with remorse, he sent for a priest,
He was wond'rous godly, he pray'd and confest:

But the father, unmov'd with the marks of contrition,
Before absolution impos'd this condition.

"You must build and endow, at your own proper charge,
A church," quoth the parson, "convenient and large,
Where souls to the tune of four thousand and odd,
Without any crowding, may sit and serve God."
"I'll do't," cried the penitent, "father, ne'er fear it;
My estate is encumber'd, but if I once clear it,
The benefic'd clerks should be sweetly increas'd—
Instead of one church, I'd build fifty at least."

But ah! what is man? I speak it with sorrow,
His fit of religion was gone by to-morrow;
He then huff'd the doctor, and call'd him to naught,
There were churches to spare, and he'd not give a groat.
When he mention'd his vow, he cried, "d—n me, I'm sober,
But all yesterday I was drunk with October."

ROBERT GOULD,

A DOMESTIC of the Earl of Dorset, and afterwards a schoolmaster, who wrote two dramas—The Rival Sisters, and Innocence Distressed.

SONG.

FROM THE VIOLENCE OF LOVE, OR THE RIVAL SISTERS.

Fair and soft, and gay and young,
All charm—she play'd, she danc'd, she sung:
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
Ah, why, cried I, and dropt a tear,
Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone,
Why was such sweetness made for one?

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess;
Ay, fool, said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one.

But long she had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms,
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He, too, will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for one.

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

CÆLIA is cruel: Sylvia, thou,
I must confess, art kind;
But in her cruelty, I vow,
I more repose can find.
For oh! thy fancy at all games does fly,
Fond of address, and willing to comply.

Thus he that loves must be undone,
Each way on rocks we fall;
Either you will be kind to none,
Or worse, be kind to all.
Vain are our hopes, and endless is our care,
We must be jealous, or we must despair.

DR. WALTER POPE.

DIED 1714.

DR. WALTER POPE was junior proctor of Oxford, in 1658, when a controversy took place respecting the wearing of hoods and caps, which the reigning party considered as the relics of popery. Our proctor, however, so stoutly opposed the revolutionists on this momentous point, that the venerable caps and hoods continued to be worn till the Restoration. This affair he used to call the most glorious action

of his life. Dr. Pope was, however, a man of wit and information, and one of the first chosen fellows of the Royal Society. He succeeded Sir Christopher Wren as professor of astronomy in Gresham College.

THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: in a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
  May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
  And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,
  Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
  May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.
  May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;

With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
  May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,—
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
        mellow,
He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:
  For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
  And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore
        way,
  Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

THOMAS PARNELL.

BORN 1697.—DIED 1717.

The compass of Parnell's poetry is not extensive, but its tone is peculiarly delightful: not from mere correctness of expression, to which some critics have stinted its praises, but from the graceful and reserved sensibility that accompanied his polished phraseology. The *curiosa felicitas*, the studied happiness of his diction, does not spoil its simplicity. His poetry is like a flower that has been trained and planted by the skill of the gardener, but which preserves, in its cultured state, the natural fragrance of its wilder air.

His ancestors were of Congleton, in Cheshire. His father, who had been attached to the republican party in the civil wars, went to Ireland at the Restoration, and left an estate which he purchased in that kingdom, together with another in Cheshire, at his death, to the poet. Parnell was educated at the university of Dublin, and having been permitted, by a dispensation, to take deacon's orders under the canonical age, had the archdeaconry of Clogher conferred upon him by the bishop of that diocese, in his twenty-sixth year. About the same time he married a Miss Anne Minchin, an amiable woman, whose death he had to lament not many years after their union, and whose loss, as it affected Parnell, even the iron-hearted Swift mentions as a heavy misfortune.

Though born and bred in Ireland, he seems to have had too little of the Irishman in his local attachments. His aversion to the manners of his native country was more fastidious than amiable. When he had once visited London, he became attached to it for ever. His zest or talents for society made him the favourite of its brightest literary circles. His pulpit oratory was also much admired in the metropolis, and he renewed his visits to it every year. This, however, was only the bright side of his existence. His spirits were very unequal, and when he found them ebbing, he used to retreat to the solitudes of Ireland, where he fed the disease of his imagination, by frightful descriptions of his retire-

ment. During his intimacy with the whigs in England, he contributed some papers, chiefly visions, to the Spectator and Guardian. Afterwards his personal friendship was engrossed by the tories, and they persuaded him to come over to their side in politics, at the suspicious moment when the whigs were going out of power. In the frolics of the Scriblerus club, of which he is said to have been the founder, wherever literary allusions were required for the ridicule of pedantry, he may be supposed to have been the scholar most able to supply them; for Pope's correspondence shews, that among his learned friends he applied to none with so much anxiety as to Parnell. The death of the queen put an end to his hopes of preferment by the tories, though not before he had obtained, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglas, in the diocese of Dublin. His fits of despondency, after the death of his wife, became more gloomy, and these aggravated a habit of intemperance which shortened his days. He died, in his thirty-eighth year, at Chester, on his way to Ireland, and he was buried in Trinity church, in that city; but without a memorial to mark the spot of his interment.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies daunc'd the maze,
    Liv'd Edwin of the Green;

Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along,
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay,
He sees a train, profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masking half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanc'd in open sight;

"Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
"Which made my steps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
"Be mine the task, or ere we part,
"To make thee grief resign;
"Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
"Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
"Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To sprawl uneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
"The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
"The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then, screaming, all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;

Forlorn his state, and dark the place;
Was never wight in such a case,
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dancing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, " A man is near,
" A mortal passion, cleped fear,
" Hangs flagging in the sky "

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity grant;
For als he been a mister wight,
Betray'd by wandering in the night,
To tread the circled haunt.

" A losell vile," at once they roar
" And little skill'd of fairy lore,
" Thy cause to come we know:
" Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
" And fairies, since a lie you tell,
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;

The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairy laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly strok'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
"And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
"To what the favourite fools of chance
"By fortune seem'd design'd;
"Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
"And from itself shake off the weight
"Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!

(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage;

But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again!
  Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
  How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints before the months go round.
  But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the Nine);
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.
  Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.

"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe, in which the deed was done;
"These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hung on these shelves, the Muses seat.
"Here ignorance and hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round:
"Here ignorance and hunger fell:
"Two foes in one I sent to hell.
"Ye poets, who my labours see,
"Come share the triumph all with me!
"Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
"Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

AN IMITATION OF SOME FRENCH VERSES.

Relentless Time! destroying power,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to every flying hour
To work some new decay;

Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.

My change arrives; the change I meet
Before I thought it nigh.
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.

In age I search, and only find
  A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave wisdom stalking slow behind,
  Oppress'd with loads of pain.

My ignorance could once beguile,
  And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd hope to smile
  On newly born desire.

But now experience shews, the bliss
  For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
  And ardour of the thought.

My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
  In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd
  To make her gifts my own:

But when I saw the blessings shower
  On some unworthy mind,
I left the chase, and own'd the power
  Was justly painted blind.

I pass'd the glories which adorn
  The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
  I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vigorous fire
   By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
   To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
   With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
   Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
   My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
   Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
   In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
   Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
   To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen,
   In health, 'tis only ease.

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,

Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life possest,
"And time shall be, that thou shalt rest."
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless have the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.

The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away);
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.
When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!

They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell: the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried,
And hail, my son, the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;

Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest);
Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude:
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;

A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
(O strange return!) grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what, his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;

And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form etherial burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
  Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).
  Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.
  Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
  The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
  What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow),
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place.
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

PIETY, OR THE VISION.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapours leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day,
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honour'd hand the sacred volume bore,
Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions sons of light.

Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew,
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my view;
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downwards seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal apply'd.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran,
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:
"Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble prayers,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs.
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought);
And as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded: "Be thy muse thy zeal,
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis heaven is thine.
Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire

Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth,
Like working seas, that, when loud winters blow,
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great;
Produc'd where pray'r, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting whence it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the colour to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flowering greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip the fair flesh, and call the phantom death:
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.
"But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance:
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine that asks it all and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all in glory wrapt, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God.
Hail the meek virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is God, and call him Jesus here.

He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him, resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet,
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along my verse.
"Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell.
'Tis God! a present God! through cleaving air
I see the throne, and see the Jesus there
Plac'd on the right. He shews the wounds he bore,
(My fervours oft have won him thus before):
How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near."
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.
My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke,
And while my thoughts were settling, thus I spoke.

Thou beauteous vision! on the soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights,
Some curious angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
While moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well), I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.
  But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.
  Indulgent Lord! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;

What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrin'd.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.
Lovely, lasting peace, appear;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,

And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great source of nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;

The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

BORN 1673—DIED 1718.

Rowe was entered of the Middle Temple at sixteen, but, forsaking the law, commenced his dramatic career at the age of twenty-five. On the accession of George I. he was made poet laureate and land-surveyor of the customs in the port of London.

FROM THE FAIR PENITENT. ACT II. SCENE I.

LUCILLA CONJURING CALISTA TO CONQUER HER PASSION FOR LOTHARIO.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy!

If thou wilt soothe me, tell me some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever!
Luc. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.
Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens, and birds ill-omened, only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That, bubbling, winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out, to despair and die in!
Luc. Alas, for pity!
Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul

Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men! Oh, insupportable!
Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
And yet rush on, though conscious of the danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!
By all the good I wish, by all the ill
My trembling heart forbodes, let me intreat you,
Never to see this faithless man again;
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life
I charge thee no: my genius drives me on,
I must, I will behold him once again:
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.

FROM THE SAME. ACT V. SCENE I.

SCIOLTO, THE FATHER OF CALISTA, FINDS HER WATCHING THE DEAD BODY OF LOTHARIO BY LAMP-LIGHT, IN A ROOM HUNG ROUND WITH BLACK.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordained, and soft repose;
And yet distraction, and tumultuous jars,
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want power to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they're wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders
And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy.
Amidst the general wreck, see where she stands,
[*Pointing to* CALISTA.
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sacked,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.
Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,
That he may see thou art not lost so far,
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives
In the forlorn Calista.
Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.
Cal. Happy were it had I died,
And never lost that name!

Sci. That's something yet;
Thou wert the very darling of my age:
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my prayers to heaven,
Were little for my fondness to bestow;
Why didst thou turn to folly, then, and curse me?
Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours;
A poor imperfect copy of my father,
Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Filled up with light belief, and easy fondness;
It was because I loved, and was a woman.
Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a cherubim;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dared to meditate on death?
Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.
Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;
Hast thou considered what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?
Cal. I have turned my eyes inward upon myself,
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;

Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit,
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose! but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with your poniard here.

Sci. Oh! truly guessed—see'st thou this trembling hand— [*Holding up a dagger.*
Thrice justice urged—and thrice the slackening sinews
Forgot their office, and confessed the father.
At length the stubborn virtue has prevailed,
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then, [*Giving the dagger.*
And know the rest untaught!

Cal. I understand you.
It is but thus, and both are satisfied.

[*She offers to kill herself:* SCIOLTO *catches hold of her arm.*

Sci. A moment! give me yet a moment's space.
The stern, the rigid judge has been obeyed;
Now nature, and the father, claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off every tender human thought,
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror!

Cal. Ha! Is it possible! and is there yet

Some little dear remains of love and tenderness
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty!
How have I stood, and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then, lifting up my hands, and wondering, blest thee—
By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me;
I could curse Nature, and that tyrant, Honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still!

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth,
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness.
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than half his years be numbered.

Sci. Would it were otherwise—but thou must die!—

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burthens down.
Come then, and take me into thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade; here let me breathe my last,
Charmed with my father's pity and forgiveness,

More than if angels tuned their golden viols,
And sung a requiem to my parting soul.

Sci. I am summoned hence; ere this my friends expect me.
There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more;
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs which nature feels,
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my daughter! [*Exit* SCIOLTO.

Cal. Now think, thou cursed Calista! now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head.
Yet heaven, who knows our weak, imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is atoned by penitence and prayer:
Cheap recompense! here 'twould not be received.
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred, deep pollution.—
And see, another injured wretch is come,
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of death!
And thou, the lovely mistress of the shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,

And makes it grateful as the dawn of day,
Ah, take me in, a fellow-mourner, with thee!
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;
And when the fountain of thy eyes is dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well; thou art the injured Altamont;
Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;
But know, I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free
From shame and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me! When did I complain,
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevailed upon revenge.
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishment from heaven;
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Oh, then, forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had ruled our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.
But, oh, behold! my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, were I not abandoned to destruction,

With thee I might have lived for ages blest,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach.
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on,
In long successive order.

Cal. What! in death!

Alt. Then thou art fixed to die?—But be it so;
We'll go together; my adventurous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings.
Whether our lifeless shades are doomed to wander
In gloomy groves, with discontented ghosts;
Or whether through the upper air we flit,
And tread the fields of light; still I'll pursue thee,
Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh, no! heaven has some other better lot in store
To crown thee with. Live, and be happy long:
Live, for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind, unpractised heart, that never yet
Has listened to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth;
Be blest in thee alone, and thou in her.

SAMUEL GARTH.

DIED 1718.

SAMUEL GARTH was an eminent physician, an accomplished scholar, and a benevolent man. No feuds, either in politics or literature, estranged him from literary merit where he found it. He was an early encourager of Pope, and at the same time the friend of Addison and Granville; a zealous whig, but the warm admirer of Dryden, whose funeral oration he pronounced. His Dispensary was written from a more honourable motive than satire generally possesses, viz. the promotion of charity, being intended to ridicule the selfishness of the apothecaries and of some of the faculty, who opposed an institution that was meant to furnish the poor with medicines gratuitously. It is an obvious imitation of the Lutrin. Warton blames the poet for making the fury, Disease, talk like a critic. It is certain however that criticism is often a disease, and can sometimes talk like a fury.

THE DISPENSARY. CANTO I.

SPEAK, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;

How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice, why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarsdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympic's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will.
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.
First, some to cleave the stubborn flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:

Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.
The slumbering god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity 's ador'd in Spain.
I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away

In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of prayer.
  Urim was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillysing the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancied, for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;

In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.
Mankind my fond propitious power has tried,
Too oft' to own, too much to be denied.
And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.
But, as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose.
Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.

But now some busy, enterprising brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.
  With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:
  Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
Find Envy out; some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.
  More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.



PETER ANTHONY MOTTEAUX.

BORN 1660.—DIED 1718.



THE revocation of the edict of Nantz brought over many ingenious artists to this country from France; but we should hardly have expected an increase to our poets among them: yet Peter Anthony Motteaux, who was born and educated at Rouen in Normandy, was driven to England by the event of that persecution, and acquired so much knowledge

of the language as to write a good translation of Don Quixotte, and to become a successful writer in our drama. But his end was not so creditable; he was found dead in a disorderly house, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, and was supposed either to have been murdered, or to have met with his death from trying an experiment which is not fit to be repeated. He established himself respectably in trade, and had a good situation in the post-office.

SONG.

FROM MARS AND VENUS.

SCORN, though Beauty frowns, to tremble;
  Lovers, boldly urge your flame;
For a woman will dissemble,
  Loves the joy, but hates the name.

Her refusing, your pursuing,
  Yield alike a pleasing pain;
Ever curing, and renewing,
  Soon appeas'd to rage again.

If the soldier storms and rages,
  Face him with a lovely maid;
This his fury soon assuages,
  And the devil soon is laid.

He ne'er conquers but by toiling,
But the fair subdues with ease;
Blood he sheds with hatred boiling,
But the fair can kill and please.

A RONDELEAUX.

IN THE MOCK MARRIAGE, BY SCOTT.

Man is for woman made,
And woman made for man:
As the spur is for the jade,
As the scabbard for the blade,
As for liquor is the can,
So man 's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

As the sceptre to be sway'd,
As to night the serenade,
As for pudding is the pan,
As to cool us is the fan,
So man 's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

Be she widow, wife, or maid,
Be she wanton, be she staid,
Be she well or ill array'd,
* * * * *
So man 's for woman made,
And woman made for man.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BORN 1664.—DIED 1721.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease:
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;

Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

AN ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
  How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
  Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
  Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
  And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
  Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
  And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
  How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
  In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
  And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
  O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
  Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
  My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

BORN 1664.—DIED 1721.

Prior was the nephew of the keeper of a tavern at Charing-cross, where he was found by the Earl of Dorset, and sent at his expense to be educated at Cambridge. By the same nobleman's influence he went as secretary with the Earl of Berkeley, our ambassador at the Hague, where King William was so pleased with his conduct as to appoint him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber. In 1697 he was

secretary of legation at the treaty of Ryswick, and the next year held the same office at the court of France. On his return, after having been with the king at Loo, he was made under secretary of state, and on losing his place at the Earl of Jersey's removal, he was made a commissioner of trade.

He sat in the parliament that met in 1701; but in the progress of Queen Anne's war, though he celebrated Blenheim and Ramillies as a poet, he deserted as a politician to the tories, and accompanying Bolingbroke to Paris for pacific objects, remained there till he rose to the rank of ambassador, the duties of which office he had for some time previously fulfilled. The vindictive whigs committed him to custody for two years, after his return, on a charge of high treason. At fifty-three years of age he found himself, after all his important employments, with no other means of subsistence than his fellowship at Cambridge; but the publication of his poems by subscription, and the kindness of Lord Harley, restored him to easy circumstances for the rest of his life.

Prior was one of the last of the race of poets who relied for ornament on scholastic allusion and pagan machinery; but he used them like Swift, more in jest than earnest, and with good effect. In his Alma he contrives even to clothe metaphysics in the gay and colloquial pleasantry, which is the characteristic charm of his manner.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Celia and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

Once more at least look back, said I,
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love:

I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
  But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye.
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
  Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey:
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

AN ANSWER TO CLOE.

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
  Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
  Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
  The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
  More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
  Your judgment at once, and my passion you
      wrong:

You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
 Odd's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

What I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
 The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
 And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men (you know, child) the sun,
 How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
 At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
 To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way,
 They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war,
 And let us like Horace and Lydia agree;
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
 As he was a poet sublimer than me.

THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was so ill,
 That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
 And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I died last night of my physician.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN THE SCALIGERIANA.

"Les Allemans ne ce soucient pas quel Vin ils boivent pourvean "que ce soit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent pourveau que ce "soit Latin."

When you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine:
They never taste, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

PARTIAL FAME.

The sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

Though he, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
Though she can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame;
How partial is the voice of fame!

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;

His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the Hum-drum club:
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation,
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

AN EPITAPH.

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run,
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day:

And, having buried children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seem'd just tallied for each other.
Their moral and economy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

When poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:

Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house,
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, Sir, says she, with gracious air,
And court'sy low, but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, Sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, Sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus; 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, Sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:

At six, Sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, Sir, at home.
  Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
  And, Sir, at present would you please
To leave your name—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To sl ow your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
  He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and court'sying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, Sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, Sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, Sir,—at six o'clock.
  Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presum'd to swell the round,

Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.
  She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.
  The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

FROM ALMA; OR, THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

CANTO II.

Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think.
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and past;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
  One people from their swaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands;
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
  Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.
  Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes.
  In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.

In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.
  In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love:
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.
  We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jet.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*.
  At Tonquin, if a prince should die
(As Jesuits write, who never lie),
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.

In Europe 'twould be hard to find
In each degree one half so kind.
Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expence your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd for life.
Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes:
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy.
I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.

Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, show a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.
An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's travels tell ye
(Look in his Index for Pagelli),
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.
Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.

Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And sprinkled in the captain's face
The marks of her peculiar grace.
To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain.
Of men born south or north o' th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good Pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy shouldst thou take,
From Tiber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since, in the very Cantons Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be

A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river.
  Here, with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
Your proofs come mighty full and thick—
  The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: Richard, cast your eye
By night upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system,* as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over spite and death.

END OF VOL. III.

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